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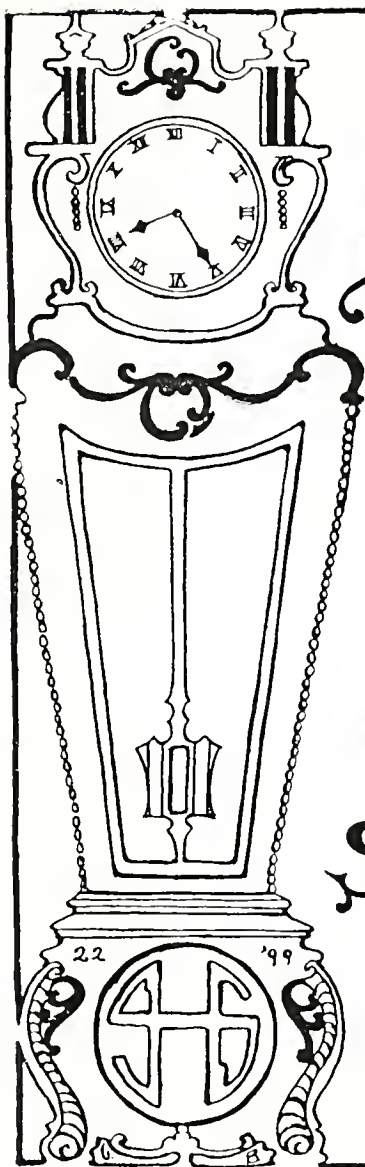
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SHORTRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL.
... ANNUAL

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“The heights are attained only by those who strive.”



1922

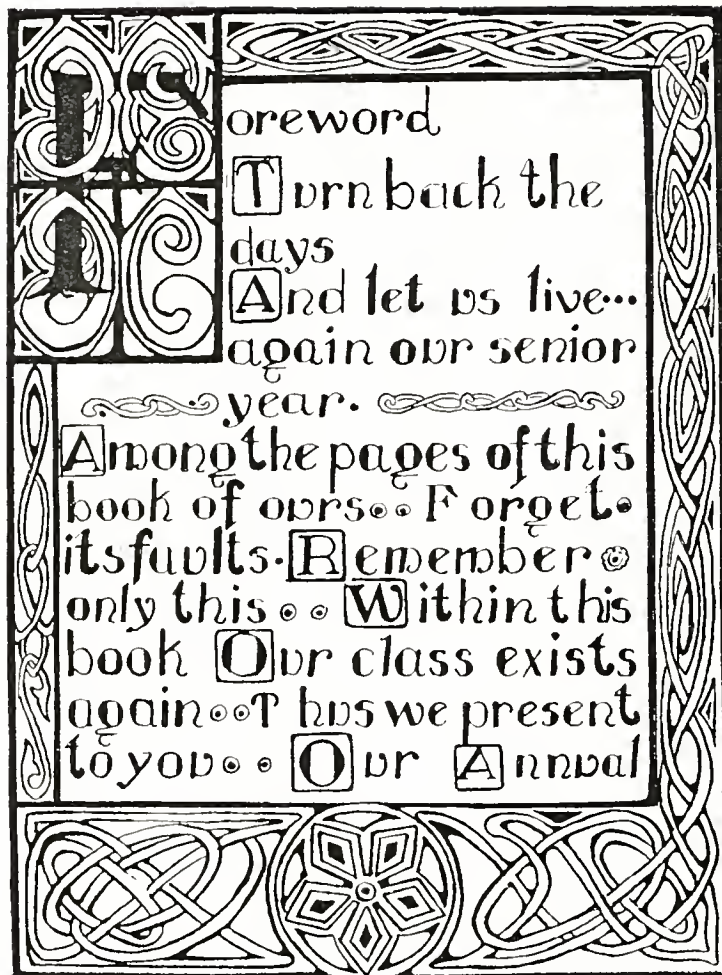
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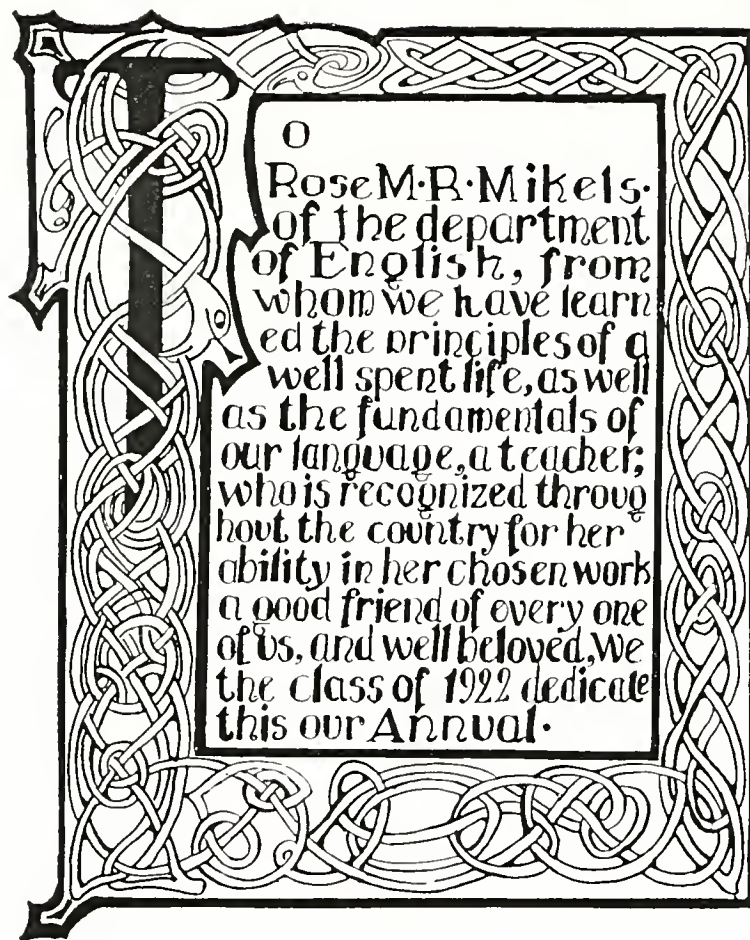
Poreword

Turn back the days

And let us live..
again our senior
year.

Among the pages of this
book of ours.. Forget
its faults. Remember
only this.. Within this
book Our class exists
again.. Thus we present
to you.. Our Annual





O
Rose M. R. Mikels.
of the department
of English, from
whom we have learn-
ed the principles of a
well spent life, as well
as the fundamentals of
our language, a teacher;
who is recognized throug-
hout the country for her
ability in her chosen work
a good friend of every one
of us, and well beloved. We
the class of 1922 dedicate
this our Annual.

Response to Dedication



THE fount the Spaniard sought
Is not a hopeless dream;
The broken and the weary
Still seek its magic gleam.
But not in tropic forest is its source,
Nor yet in desert wild;
Tis found wherever youth is found,
Wherever is the child.

None knows this secret better
Than he who teaches youth;
He drinks deep at the fountain
And knows the happy truth;
He looks through eyes of youth
That watch the western star,
And hears through youthful ears
The waves of promise break afar,
Beyond the heavy years.

Oh happy youth, to be
The Sacred Fount
Of such immortality.

Rosa M. R. Mikels.





JUST what these pages crisp contain,

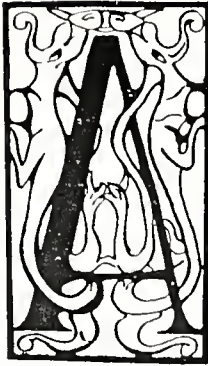
We really are not sure;

We blush to hear your comments but

WE call it literature.



CLASS POEM



SCULPTOR took a clod of shapeless clay,
A formless mass, inert and dead it seemed;
His eye alone discerned that beauty in it lay,
That in the plastic earth lurked grace undreamed.

The artist's mind did a dream unfold,
A figure with the clear gaze of youth;
And bit by bit he fashioned the soft mold
Until the image faint took form in truth.

In weariness and sadness oft he wrought;
The lump of clay was often thrown away,
Then harsh strokes of his hand in sorrow sought
To shape in figure fair the plastic clay.

The patient sculptor molded four long years;
Before him ever shone the fair ideal,
With patient, loving care and earnest fears—
Until at last emerged the image real.

A sturdy figure, strong, of youthful line,
A living, breathing, beauteous thing it seems,
With face of courage calm and hope divine,
And eager eyes alight with far-off dreams.

And what to call this active, living mold,
This artist's dream of glorious youth come true;
His chisel paused—then carved in letters bold—
Shortridge—The class of 1922!

Thus did the patient sculptor, Life, portray
Youth's future; beautiful it is and true;
Class of '22, do not betray
The lovely, fair ideal Life saw for you!

—THELMA SMITH.

EDITORIAL.



HIS Annual of the Class of 1922 has meant much to those who have had a share in making it a reality. To us, it has marked the culmination of our life in Shortridge. It has been a sacred duty to us to give our best to this, the latest edition of the Shortridge Annual, and to make it a worthy companion for its older sisters that mark the passing of other classes.

Whether or not we have succeeded in this great task to which we set ourselves six months ago, we cannot and dare not judge; all we ask is your considerate and sympathetic reading of the pages that follow. We have enjoyed our work as only creative work can be enjoyed, with a sense of achievement; achievement which, we hope, has not been barren.

Although it has been the custom, for several years past, to select a keynote for the Annual, we have decided, this year, to pitch it in the Shortridge key. You may recognize familiar faces and objects in our art-work. School activities have been given a more prominent place than in years past. It has been our constant aim to humanize our book as far as possible, and to make it, in the future, bring back Shortridge to our readers' eyes.

In a few years, probably, Shortridge will be moved from its old home. Modern buildings will house the indomitable spirit of the old school. The new and old buildings, the bridge and the court, the buff-colored walls of old Caleb Mills, the untimely noise and rattle of Susquehanna Street, the rush and roar of the Pennsylvania Street cars, will no more exist so far as Shortridge is concerned. We fondly hope that this great and far-reaching change will give us a still greater Shortridge. Thus, on the threshold of a new day, we offer this, the record of the class of 1922.

—THE EDITOR.







IT WAS a small, meagrely-furnished room—hot and close. The lamps sputtered and cast wavering shadows over the cracked plaster of the walls. One window stood open, but the curtains hung limp—not a breath of air stirred them. From outside rose the steady hymn of myriads of insects and the mournful quavering of frogs from the river. All that broke the stillness inside was the monotonous buzz and thump of a June bug against the walls.

From the door the Rich Man surveyed the two figures seated beside the lamp—one a woman's, tired and stooped; the other, a man's, shabbily dressed, with his face buried in his hands.

"Sorry, White," the Rich Man's voice cut the silence crisply, "but business, you know. I've already given you a month, and if you can't manage in the next twenty-four hours, I'll have to send out my lawyer. Good evening!"

Neither figure moved, and the Rich Man stepped out into the night and closed the door behind him.

And the night was a benediction, clear and serene; but the Rich Man did not see. The stars in their courses were singing together, as they had from time immemorial, but the Rich Man did not hear. His whole thought was of catching the next trolley for the city. The weather-worn boards of the old porch creaked loudly under his hasty feet. In another moment he saw through the trees the white glimmer of the gate; and then the road stretched away before him, gray and indistinct through the star-light.

He set off jauntily enough, hands in his pockets, eyes bent on the road. And for the first half mile or so, his practiced mind was full of loans and investments and dividends. He outlined his work for the next day and chuckled to himself over an intended stroke of business in which he was to come out ahead. But little by little, there in the long country road, with dark fields stretching away on either side, and the glittering stars above, the awful stillness of the night intruded upon his consciousness. He became vaguely uneasy. The silence shouted to him from all sides, but

so loudly that he could not understand. Never before had the Rich Man been so near the throbbing heart of life. Never before had he felt so inadequate, so powerless, so small. No superficialities here; no illusion of self-importance to hide behind; no spacious, sunny office and roar of traffic from the streets. Stripped of his back-ground, the Rich Man quailed before reality.

And then, all at once, and yet quite naturally, he turned and saw a man pacing along beside him. The shadow rendered his dress indistinguishable, and his face was entirely hidden. But his uplifted head, his confident bearing, his firm step, cried out power. The atmosphere which he created affected the Rich Man strangely. New and deep emotions stirred within him. He found himself longing for the right to walk thus openly and unashamed under the stars. "This man is living," he said to himself. "How I wish I were alive!" Half fearfully, he eyed his companion.

Immediately the stranger turned and looked at him. The Rich Man thrilled under that glance. He imagined that through the dusk that separated them, the stranger was smiling—tenderly.

"You are alive. You have just been born."

"But what shall I do? How shall I begin?" Bewildered, the Rich Man groped for his companion's hand.

"It is so dark. How can you see your way?"

"By the stars!"

The Rich Man felt a strong hand grasp him. New strength surged through him.

"Look up!" the stranger commanded in a ringing voice.

Slowly the man's gaze travelled from the dewy fields to the gray horizon, then to the sky. There above him, in the unlimited blue, millions of blazing worlds were moving steadily on, and on—as unswervingly and as majestically as they had moved in the beginning. The heavens were burdened with the weight of them.

"The music of the spheres," murmured the stranger, softly.

The Rich Man staggered, and clutched the figure at his side.

"It is too—too—big!" He was trembling. "I cannot look at them."

"Ah, but you can," returned the stranger, quickly. "Big? Yes, it is big. It is without beginning and without end. But you are a part of it all. You are needed in this great harmony of the universe. Nothing can harm you. You are as immortal as the stars. Wake up, man!"

Suddenly the Rich Man understood what the night silence had been shouting to him.

"Immortal—immortal—immortal!" it cried. "Awake—this is reality!"

"And now—" the stranger's voice was low, but vibrant with feeling, "you must go back."

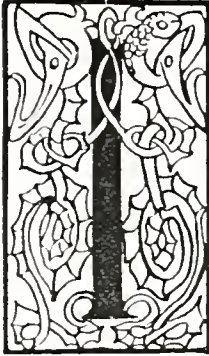
"I will." The Rich Man straightened and filled his lungs with the pure night air. A burden had suddenly fallen from his shoulders. He was free.

Turning, he started back in the direction from which he had come. But was it the Rich Man, or the Stranger? Surely there was only one man to be seen in the winding little road. And that man, although in face and form he resembled the Rich Man, yet walked with the easy, confident stride, at once humble and powerful, of the Stranger. He disappeared in the gray dusk. The shadows had swallowed him up.

And high, high above, the stars sang together.

—HOLLIS PLATT, '22.

ON BEING A SENIOR



AM a senior. Notwithstanding many other things that the fairy who presided at my birth forgot, she did give me an appreciation of accomplishment. I do not remember when I first began wanting to be a senior, yet the realization strikes me with real force. I enjoy being a senior. I enjoy that delicious and novel feeling of being somebody. Back in the dark recesses of my soul there is a dark little spirit who persists in reminding me that I will be a freshman next year, but I am too busy to notice him.

There are other sensations incident to this higher stratum of student life, among which is a strange confidence in my ability to do certain things, like writing this essay for instance. Not only is this true in my own case, but it is frequently manifested in other upper-classmen who take to editing well-known periodicals and other difficult literary tasks.

Again it is only with membership in the senior class that a true appreciation of Shortridge spirit comes to one, for then with dazzling suddenness, the reverence and affection for Shortridge, resulting from three years of constant association, is borne in on one. I should probably like being a senior almost anywhere, but to be a Shortridge senior is to me the very highest of all attainable honors.

Being a senior gives one that large, fatherly feeling toward all the world, and toward underclassmen in particular, which is so enjoyable to youth in that period of development called, by the learned, adolescence.

—LLOYD EVANS, '22.

SILENCE

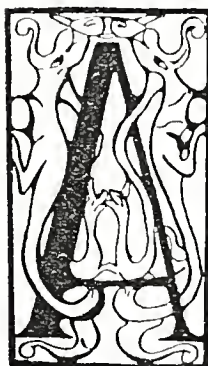


WE CANNOT let another see

The deepest things that we may feel;
An open book we cannot be,
For silence sets on us her seal.

And no one can as friend or foe,
Fathom the depths expression shields;
No other one can ever know
The influence deep, which silence wields.

—DOROTHY CROSBY, '23.



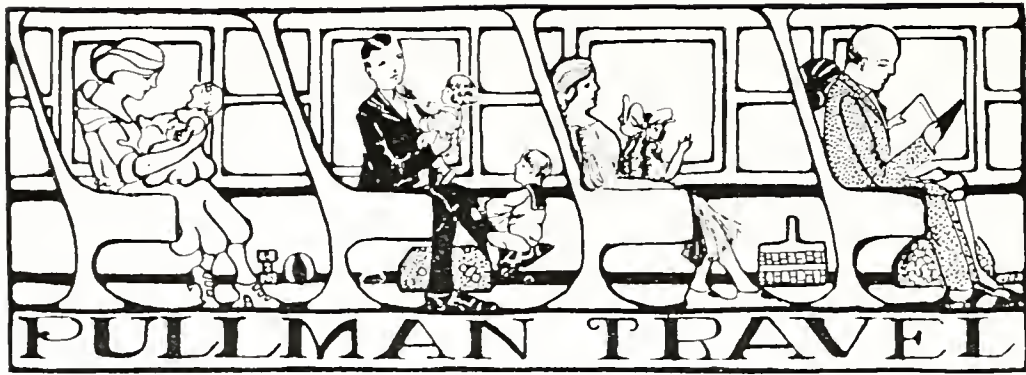
H, THE vanity of Dawn!!

She rises from her misty bath
Of opalescent hues, and dons
A gown of pearl. This pleases not
The variable fancy of the maid;
She turns from pearl to green, to rose,
To amber, pink, and gold, and blue—
With each in turn arrays her form.

She blushes, frowns and hesitates,
Quite like a maiden new in love.
She beckons to the merry Hours,
And frolics on the fluted clouds;
She breathes upon the glassy face
Of sleeping lakes, and softly glides
Through forests with low, whispering sounds,
And takes a tithe of resinous sweets.

She casts abroad with lavish hand
Her dewy jewels on leaves and grass,
And drab, cold stones, and lazy webs
Of spiders, till the whole world seems
Like one great diamond, shining bright.
For Phoebus, then, she decks herself;
But with the coming of the god,
She turns, and, woman-like, she flees.

—MARGARET WATERS, 1922.



ALL ABOARD!

Then the scramble, the bustle, and the hurry which ensue remind one of a miniature tornado or gentle earthquake. Tickets can not be found, and the trunk which was supposed to have been in the station an hour ago, has not yet arrived. There is a rush for children who have strayed after a fascinating baggage man, a last look at the dog which has to be put into a box and left with the trunks. Last of all you try to remember what you did with that newspaper which you had located just a minute ago. After a frantic search, everything is secure and safely put on the train, including dog and newspaper.

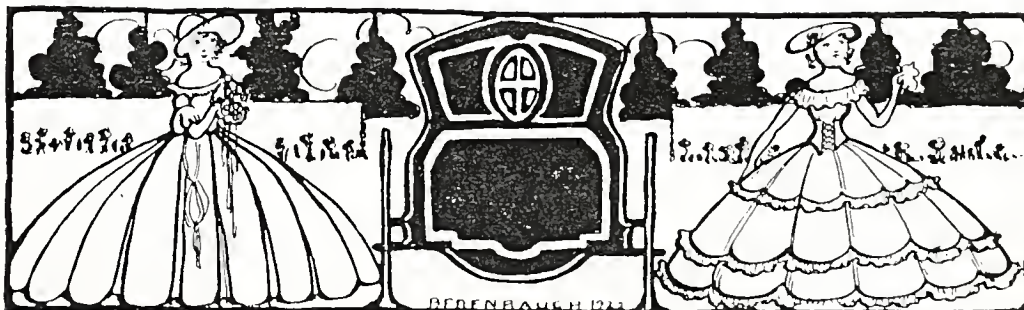
Having satisfactorily disposed of your never-to-be-forgotten tickets, you feel that the burden of traveling is considerably lightened, and settle down to an hour of perfect enjoyment. However, your peace is destined to be short-lived; for at this very time the cherub child in the next compartment, whose mother has grown weary of amusing him, espies the charm on your watch-fob, and when you glance down right in the middle of a most exciting account of yesterday's ball-game, you see two sticky little hands reposing on your coat-sleeve. So, with a sigh of martyrdom, you fold away your paper, also your peace of mind, and proceed to entertain the infant. Five minutes pass, long intervals of time, in which you sacrifice your watch, your paper, the creases in your trousers, and the immaculate whiteness of your collar. You firmly resolve that never again will you commit yourself to smile upon a little stranger. You decide to hand him over to his mother, and gather him up, bag and baggage, when, "How kind of you to amuse little William," says the fond mother with a serene, expressionless smile. You emit another sigh and wonder what in the world to do with him. Finally, you do the only thing possible,—let him have your wallet. He shrieks with glee at finding your stamp-book, thus arousing the interest of the little imp at the end of the car. You feel two chubby hands clasping your neck, two feet on your knee, and with a bounce a heavy weight rests on your shoulder. You then have two. William likes to braid your hair, and, to prevent him from putting a permanent pig-tail on your head, you not it back and forth. Just as you are beginning to feel

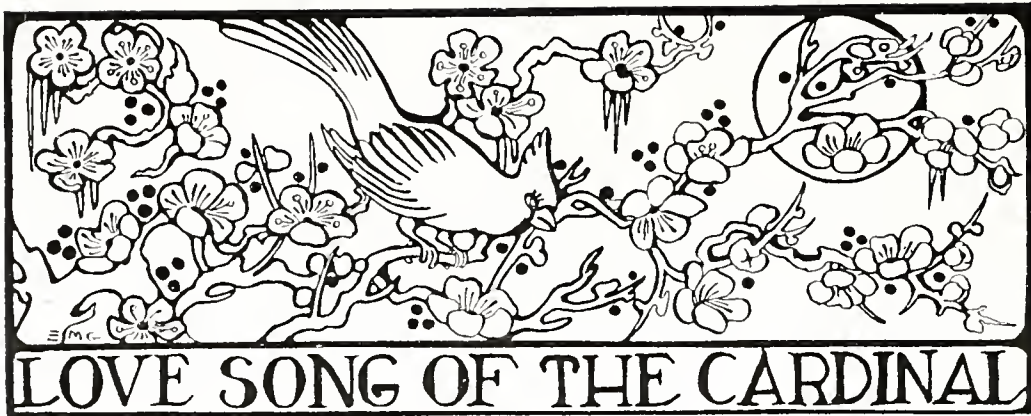
like a mechanical toy almost run down, an angel appears calling, "First call to dinner". Gabriel when he blows his trumpet will not be met with more triumph and honest joy than that with which the porter is welcomed by you. Mothers come to claim their young darlings, leaving your section looking like house-cleaning day, and you with the resolution that you are through forever with children.

Sand! the only thing to greet you when you awake the next morning if you are taking a western trip. You think it the most delightful and restful occupation you have experienced since you last rode on the merry-go-round, just to lie and watch the mountains go by. But "something is always taking the joy out of life"—you hear the first call to breakfast, and have visions of eating cold toast if you don't hurry. So you leave the solid comfort of your berth and go to the dressing-room. There you find others in the same state of excited haste. There is a line which reaches nearly all the way across the room, of men waiting to wash the sand from their faces; for as all have by this time discovered, sand is the easiest thing in the world to seep under the window, and stick on your face. In a frantic leap at an unoccupied shaving stand, you plant your foot in a gentleman's suit-case that has just been placed. The next thing you know, you are sitting on the edge of the gentleman's bath-robe while he makes motions that indicate not the best of humors. You scoot away, and while he makes a hurried exit, you tell him that you did not hurt his cake of soap nearly as much as you did yourself. You seek a sheltered corner and decide to wait until the place is empty before you dress, breakfast or no breakfast; so, martyr-like, you place your elbows on your knees and wait. This grows tiresome, and you wish you had left someone else to be the martyr. Wouldn't a grape fruit taste delicious! Just as your patience is taking the last lap, you notice a vacant space at a wash-stand, and after hastily dressing, rush into the dining car, just as the last call is being given.

After another day of traveling, similar to that just past, you arrive at the coast, and bid farewell to your new-made friends. As you gaze after the departing train, you think that, in spite of your many harrowing experiences, traveling is not so bad after all, and you wish you had bought another yard of ticket.

—KATHERINE McCLURE, '22.





AYEST prophet come to town,
Telling it for miles around,
Spring o'year! Spring o'year!

Hark his merry roundelay,
Wet to-day! Wet to-day!
Let me tell you: Wet this year!

Mark the swelling of the note
In this little warbler's throat,
Now come here! Now come here!

Flash of scarlet on his breast,
Flash of love-mate on the nest,
To me so dear! So dear! So dear!

Tender now, his crooning sound,
As he hovers round and round,
Just see here! See here! See here!

Like all lovers he grows bold,
Tells the story that I've told:
To me so dear! My love, so dear!

—MARY CHAMNESS, '22.

A SPENSERIAN STANZA



HE glowing fire; the friendly, ticking clock;
A well-beloved book; the deep arm-chair;
And, if for naught but seasoning, a flock
Of fantasies that vanish into air
Whence they were born. Outside, the angry blare
Of wailing wind and wintry hoplessness;
Within, tranquility, content beyond compare,
The comfort and the joy of idleness.
Knowest thou this, my friend? Thou knowest happiness.

—HOLLIS PIATT, '22.



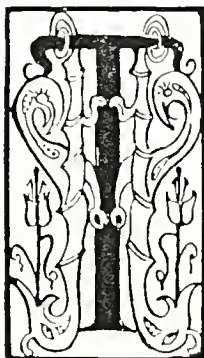
IT IS seldom that a man is found who is so devoted to a hobby that he will sacrifice to it every pleasure and comfort he possesses; but our good neighbor across the fence, enjoys fishing to such an extent that he will brave almost every kind of weather to follow it.

A day without a bite does not discourage him; for he is a true sportsman and indulges in his avocation primarily for the pleasure that he gains and not for fish alone. At Christmas time when the average man is being showered with cigars he can not smoke; jewelry he will probably never wear; and books he will rarely read, our modern Walton sits serene, for his gifts are those that bring joy to a fisherman's heart—reels, nets, and rods.

Something of the nature of the river seems to have entered into his make-up. He is gentle, calm, and always understanding. He is generous to a fault, and invariably the results of his pastime find their way to the back-door steps of others. The care and attention he lavishes on his equipment are reflected in his home, which is well maintained and orderly and surrounded by a yard that is beautifully planted with wild bushes and flowers. The passer-by at the first glance receives the impression that here lives a man who appreciates nature in all her forms.

—GEORGE WITT, '23.

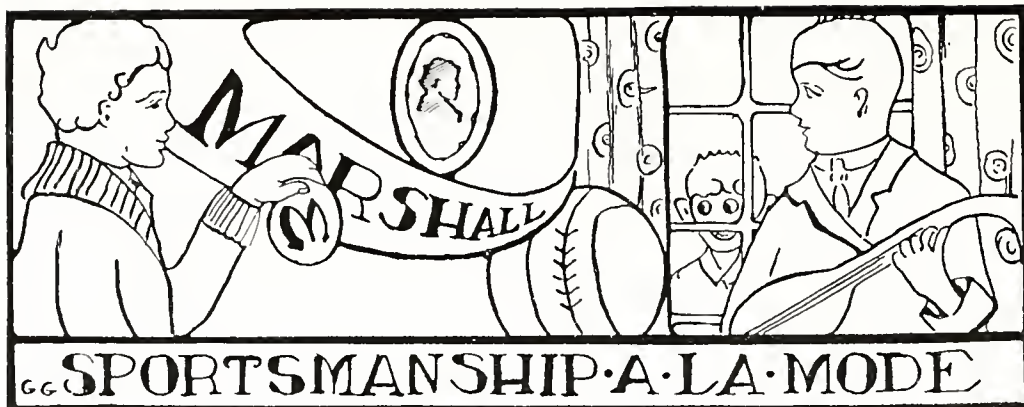
THE SERVICE STAR



THE star came out above the shepherds' flock,
And painted with its sacred light the way,
And gave all men who sought that light, to know
That Christ to sacrifice was born that day.

A star came out above a bloody field,
Its shafts of light shone once more as of old,
For symbol of a sacrifice:—
Upon a field of white, a star of gold.

—HAROLD F. GOODE, '23.



HAT have we really done for the old college," suddenly broke out Doc Hughes, soberly, above the tinkle of his mandolin.

"Aw, ditch the solemn stuff," sneered Bud Kieffer, star forward on the basket ball team, "can't you see we're trying to be happy?"

"Nope, I'm in earnest," continued Doc, slowly, "have we really done something worth-while for Marshall, in our three and a half years here? Something that counts, I mean. Of course we go to the football and baseball and basket ball games, and cheer for the teams and such stuff as that"—the mandolin stopped—"but are we doing something for Marshall that costs us a sacrifice, something that hurts?"

Kieffer slowly rose to a sitting posture on the couch. "What about me? Don't you think I'm doing something for the old college as you call it, playing basket-ball for three years?"

"No bad feelings now, Bud," returned the philosopher, "but I think you play more for the love of the game than for the school. Don't get the idea that I think you would rather go to Manchester or Baker or any other school, but this is what I do think—I think that most of our college spirit is only skin-deep!"

The chapel bell tolled eleven over the still campus. The visitors rose to go. "Think it over," concluded Doc, "and see if I'm not about right."

It was the day before the final and big game with Manchester, which would decide the state championship. The news spread that Bud Kieffer, regular forward and big point-getter for the team, had flunked off. It was a bad blow to the college, and the worst possible to the coach and the team. A powerful machine had been built up and Kieffer was the main cog. His absence would wreck everything.

Doc Hughes was Kieffer's understudy, and so it was decided that he was to play in the ineligible's place. In speed and ability to hit the basket, Doc could not compare with Kieffer. Nevertheless, if Doc played through the whole game, he would win his coveted "M," and as it was his senior year, he jumped at the chance to be a letter-man.

Basket-ball was the main sport at Marshall, and every year a medal was given to the player who had done the most towards booming the basket-ball stock of the college. Hence a player who did the most toward winning the big game of the season with Manchester was the likeliest contender for the trophy.

* * * * *

And so the night of the big game found Doc Hughes in Kieffer's place in the line-up. While the team was warming up, a member of the faculty stepped up to the coach and handed him a note. As he surveyed the contents, he grew purple with rage, for this is what he read:

"Albert Kieffer eligible to play. Secretary confused him with Alfred Kieffer."

Hughes, who was standing near the side-lines, alone, saw the suppressed wrath of the coach. He edged over to that unfortunate person.

"'S matter, coach?" he asked, cautiously.

"Kieffer's eligible," snapped back the coach.

"Where is he?" pursued Doc.

"Went home after school today for a vacation. Said he guessed it would help him to forget his troubles."

The referee walked to the middle of the floor and blew his whistle amid the cheering of the spectators. The players jerked off their sweat-shirts and ran to their positions. As he mechanically shook hands with the guard, Doc was thinking that Bud couldn't have gone home because there wasn't a train until after the game; besides he never would have missed the game itself. He would naturally keep away from the crowded stands. . . .

The referee's whistle shrilled again and the game was on. It was all Manchester the first half, which ended 15-4. Marshall's valuable scorer was out. The team was demoralized; the game was gone.

Hughes walked slowly to the dressing-room. A thought flashed through his mind. Kieffer must be hiding, and at the same time watching the game from the moving picture booth. He quickened his pace. He must tell the coach. But if Kieffer played the second half, he himself would not win the coveted "M." Should he play through the game and win an "M" or should Bud play and let Marshall win? Then he remembered his recent speech to his classmates about college spirit. He must set the example. His mind was made up. Swiftly he ran to the coach, who was massaging the center's ankle and talking sharply to him at the same time, and whispered a few words. The coach nodded dubiously, and Hughes bounded for the dressing-room, through the crowd and up the ladder to the movie booth. Nervously he fumbled with the door and pulled it open. His hopes were realized; for there, crouched against the wall and peering down at the crowd, was Bud Kieffer.

"Put your togs on, quick! you're eligible!" yelled Hughes. Bud jumped and fell back in astonishment.

"How did you know I was here? Who says I'm——"

"Don't stand there!" screamed Doc, "for heaven's sake get a wiggle on!"

Bud rushed past him, and sped down the ladder to the dressing-room.

It is a matter of athletic history how Marshall came back strong in the second half with the return of Kieffer to the line-up, and how Kieffer won the game in an over-time period.

The whole college packed the auditorium the next day. President Stafford presented Bud the medal. Then Kieffer walked to the middle of the platform and waited for the applause to subside.

"I'd like to keep the medal"—the audience gasped—"but I've decided that it belongs to a far better person than I. It belongs to a fellow with true college spirit, a man who gave up his chance to earn an "M" that Marshall might win. I think it rightfully belongs to Doc Hughes."

And so, for the first time in Marshall's history, a boy who was not a letter-man possessed the famed basket-ball medal.

—WALTER DITHMER, '22.

ALIVE

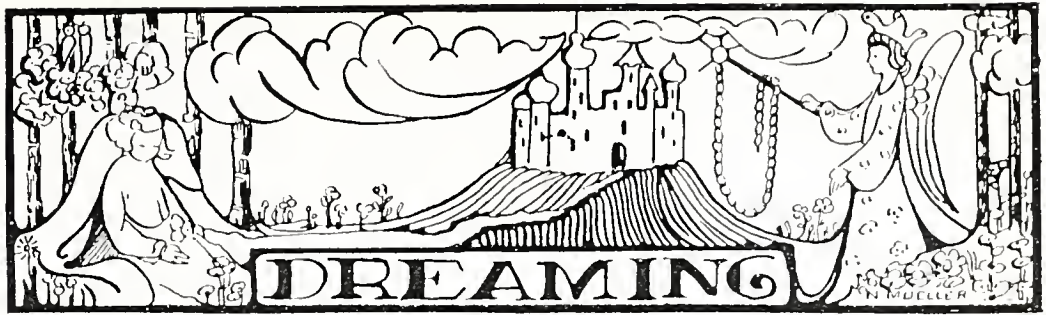


REY skies. Cool, clean air,
Signs of spring everywhere.
O'er lawns and hedges the tender green
Is pushing tiny hands between
The gnarled, brown fists of winter.

Bright skies. The clear, warm air
Sets hearts a-beating everywhere.
Bird-calls float, serene and far,
Up where tiny cloudlets are.
Meadows moist, earth-odors rise,
God's incense, wafted to the skies.
Our thanks, O God, for life and health,
To be alive is greatest wealth.

—DOUGLAS DALE, '23.



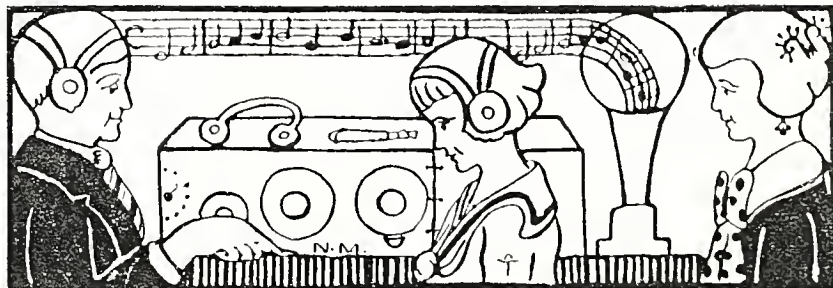


AS I MUSED in the gloaming,
 A fairy of dreams appeared to me:
 Soft her steps as pansy velvet.
 "Unfold," I cried, "the meaning of dreams."

 A motion of her spangled wand
 Parted night's gray curtain,
 A castle fair disclosing.
 'Twas opal-walled with star-dust windows,
 And its silver towers toward the clouds did reach.

"Whence this palace wondrous,
 Of hazy colours builded?"
 Eagerly I questioned.
 This, the answer:
 "Such a castle many build
 Of dreams and memory,
 And 'tis a pleasant habitation
 When old age comes."

—ELIZABETH WOLF, '23.



STRAYING



HAVE you ever felt, I wonder, the lure of a stray road? Of course, strays are rare in these days and you may never come across one. Almost every road now, is settled in life, with a respectable name-plate over its door and a flattened attitude toward all invaders on wheels. But there are still a few pagan paths; I like to think that these wanderers have been kept to sound the dauntless chord of adventure in our hearts once more. Nature, I fancy, is reminiscencing in them of the by-gone lure of the open plains.

Of course the most charming things about a stray road are its unexpectedness and its freshness. One never knows behind what curve it may be hiding. And the sight of it always thrills one with the hope of unexplored beauty.

If I have persuaded you to fancy the idea, come along with me now, over the ruts and far away, and I will show you a stray that I once found.

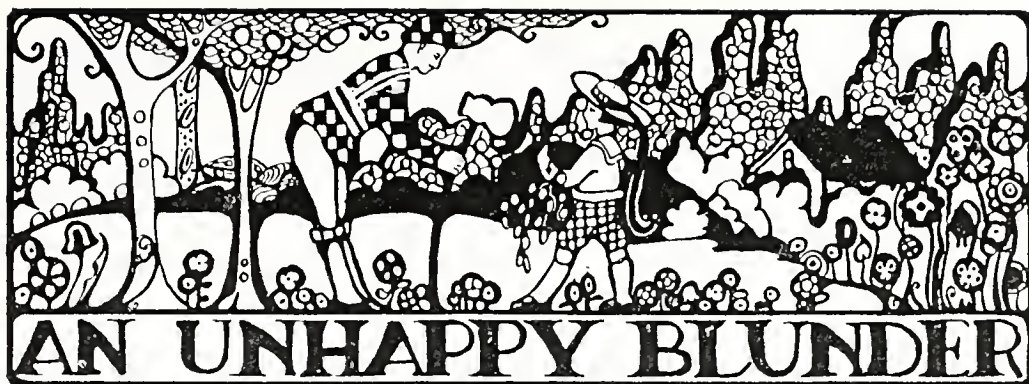
The month of May was the setting for my discovery, a balmy Northern May of gleaming blue and luxuriant green, softened by the cream-white of cloud-puffs. And I came upon my tree-arched lane in the elusive hour that blends the gold of the afternoon with the amber of the evening and the sunset.

Now if your first glimpse of this stray is to be like mine, prepare at once to rub the world-weary dust from your eyes, and steal on tip-toe with your ears attuned to the whisper of the leaves. For one more turn—and behold! we are there.

The swiftness of a glimpse—and the cool beauty of it has taken your breath. The liquid notes of two song-sparrows throb from the pillared foliage overhead. The rhythm of the white lane flows into the distance, and as it goes, clumps of wild rose enrich its borders. A sudden whiff of their timid fragrance strikes your nostrils, and sharply the black-and-white of a rose-breasted grosbeak cuts the path——

But, you say, every road surely has its beginning, its middle and its end? And you've told us only the beginning? True enough, but in a stray road, you see, the middle exists only to make possible the beginning and the end. Nothing ever really happens in the middle—unless one chooses to call squirrels' play or the sudden whisk of a chipmunk across the path, a happening. The joy of the middle consists in the pure novelty of walking it. For the connoisseur, the marvel of having discovered this blue antique adds lustre to its possession. For a strayer, the middle of his road is beautified with the joy of its finding.

But if you really are a connoisseur of strays, you gain still another joy from the middle of your road—and that is the expectancy of its end. You may be disappointed. A "No Trespassing" sign may mar your discovery, or you may bump into the back of a garage. But such climaxes



THE class in English was reciting poems—that is, it was trying to recite poems, but as yet Miss Bittersweet had been able to elicit only a sleepy response from her languid pupils. She came at length, by the well-worn path of alphabetical order, to Alfred Emerson Smith, who, despite his scholarly name, was far from scholarly.

"Alfred Smith!"

Alfred, whose mind had been divided between memories of spinning a top on the school ground, and watching an early fly creep lazily over his "Baldwin's Fourth Reader," jumped.

"Alfred, you may recite 'Woodman, Spare That Tree'."

Alfred gasped. He had not as yet made more than a casual acquaintance with the woodman with whom he was now expected to be very familiar. He rose to his feet and began to stammer, "I—I don't know—"

"You don't know how to start?" Miss Bittersweet smiled. She had experienced so many droning verses that now she was willing to take measures to secure dramatic effect. Accordingly she stepped to her desk.

"Now, Alfred, let's pretend that this willow branch," touching the only bit of spring that a zealous "4A" had succeeded in gaining for the school-room, "is the tree." Alfred's eyes lighted up with a spark of interest, for he was the very "4A" who had perilously waded, and climbed, and swung in order to secure the precious branch. "Suppose that I am the person addressed in the poem. Now you give the first lines."

"Woodman" (with a flourish of her hand toward Alfred) "spare that tree" (indicating the willow), "touch not a single bough," (pointing to a decrepit bud).

Alfred cast an imploring glance at Miss Bittersweet, eyed the class with a tragic air, fastened his eyes on the vase, and then with crimson cheeks launched desperately into his recitation:

"Teacher, spare that willow branch!

Touch not a single pussy,

The woodman planted it down by the crick,

To have you touch it would make me sick.

'Twas—'twas—it was my hand that stuck it in that vase,

Now teacher, please do leave it there,

Don't meddle with it,

Spare, please spare."

—ELIZABETH WOLF, '23.



UD, go get a loaf of bread from the grocery."

"Go yourself!"

"I won't. Mother said you had to go."

"Is that so? We'll see whether I have to go or not."

"Well, you will, so hurry up before the store closes, and don't get fresh or I'll tell mother on you."

This last in a shrill, penetrating, feminine voice. And uttered in the hearing of others! What an indignity to suffer, and from a kid sister at that!

Happy thought! He would threaten her, threaten her with the power that only an elder brother possesses.

"If you don't go to the grocery, I won't take you to the play rehearsal tonight."

"I should worry," was the response in an air of assumed nonchalance. But the tone was wavering, and it spelled triumph for Bud. He was proud of his work; he had made a psychological thrust and it had produced a tremendous effect. He seized the chance.

"All right, then, I'll go. I'd lots rather go to the grocery now, than take you and your kid friends to that rehearsal tonight." And off he strutted with a victorious stride and a "you'll-be-sorry" air.

* * * * *

Evening came and he was still set in his decision not to act as escort for three young ladies between the ages of eight and ten.

"Of course," said his mother with a resigned sigh, after the battle had waxed long and furious, "if you won't take them I'll have to."

His chivalry was touched; with an inward shudder he forced himself to say, "I s'pose I'll have to take 'em if you put it that way, but," turning to his sister, "understand, it's not for your sake I'm doing it."

They had gone after the Walton "kids." Was Mrs. Walton saying something?

"Thank you so much for taking the youngsters down tonight. It is perfectly lovely of you."

Here was compensation! He glared triumphantly at his sister; but

his glare turned to one of rage when she calmly remarked, "Yes, he kicked awfully about it, but mother finally made him come."

After that, humiliation upon humiliation! The car was crowded with people returning from picture shows. The opportunity was most favorable for trampling poor Bud underfoot. His sister did not lose her chance as he assisted the awkward creatures into the car.

"Oh, Bud, give me my nickel!"

"Go on in," he responded gruffly, "I'm going to pay the fare, all right."

"Give me my nickel! I want to drop it into the box!" Her voice rose high and shrill above the murmur of the car.

"Shut up, for heaven's sake! Can't you see the whole car's turned around to look at us?"

With a look of virtuous indignation, she snatched the nickel from his hand, dropped it in the box with a satisfying clatter, and sailed past him into the car with her two companions in her wake. Then began the laughing and the chattering and the snickering and the shrieking and the giggling. "Why, oh, why," he thought with despair, "do girls always giggle?" With every succeeding, too-audible comment on the passengers in the car, his ears became more incandescent. The elderly man across the aisle smiles; at the other end someone snickers. Bud assumes a cerise complexion.

The car stops and a young lady enters. "Good evening, Joan!" Bud tips his cap and shudders as he thinks of the kids. A moment's uninterrupted conversation and all has gone well. He regains hope.

Suddenly—"Is that his girl?" inquires the shrill voice of one of the Waltons. He prays for a hole to crawl into, but the day of miracles, he discovers, is over. The car speeds on, and he relapses into a semi-coma, which is broken into only by the words coming from the seat across the aisle: "Who do you suppose those curious children are, Walter?"

They approach their corner, and a small riot at once begins among his charges.

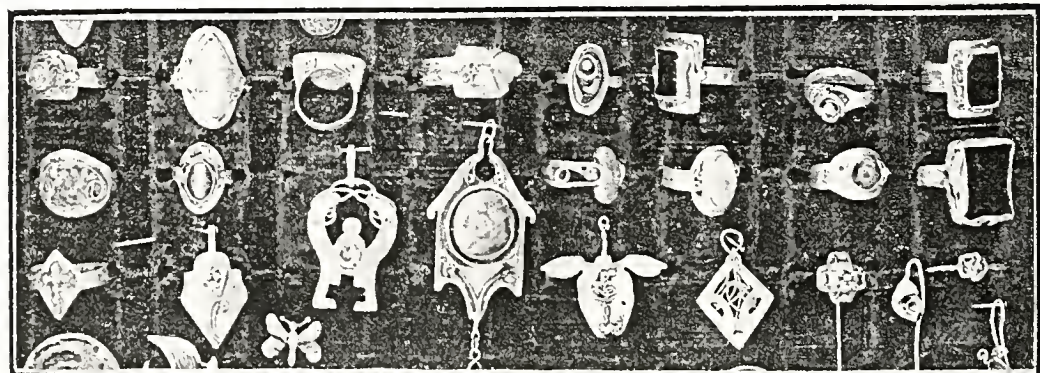
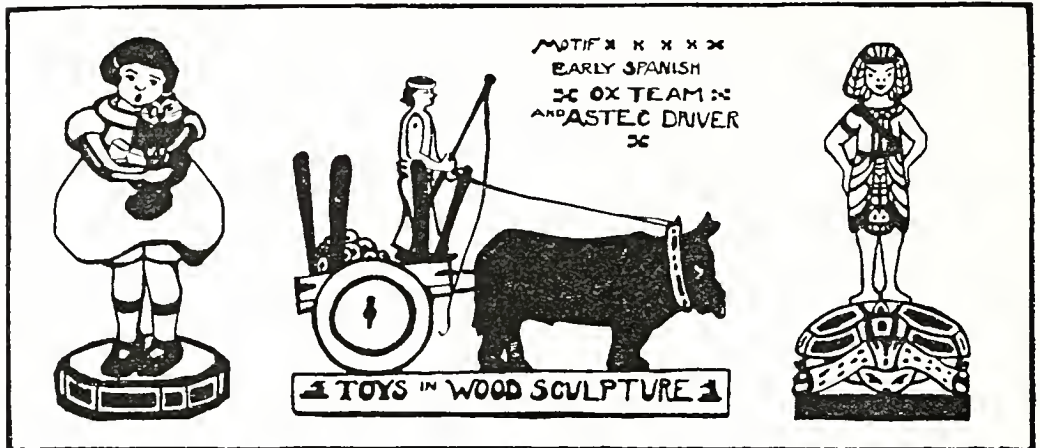
"Let me ring the bell!"

"No, I'm going to!"

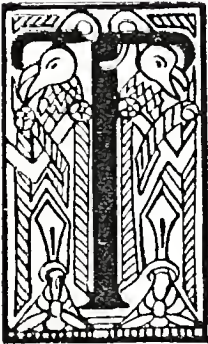
After a brief struggle they all ring the bell in turn, like a fire-alarm gone mad, rush out to the rear platform, and squirm off, with the disgraced Bud at their heels.

Under the arc-light at the corner, his lips move in a sort of frenzied whisper, and the burden of that whisper is "Never again! Never again! Never again!" But he knows in his heart, that, the next time, he will do the same, and that they will do the same, and that, until he gets beyond the sensitive age, nothing can remedy his situation.

—LUCY ASHJIAN, '23.



JOHN F. WEINBERGER



HE distinguished service of a devoted teacher was woven into the golden fabric of Shortridge's past, when John F. Weinberger was called from his accustomed place. It still seems impossible that on that Saturday morning—the eleventh of February—he passed from among us.

Day after day, we had seen him at the Rental window, until his very presence there seemed an assurance that the interests which centered in our Shortridge clearing-house, were being safe-guarded.

As a man, Mr. Weinberger was the embodiment of efficiency and industry. His was ever a busy day. The commercial department, the Rental, the lunch-room, the Echo, the junior and senior classes, the senior play—all claimed a share of his time. To each he gave himself whole-heartedly, with the feeling that his work contributed to the larger life of Shortridge.

As a teacher, he was a master of his subject, sympathetic with his classes, and interested in the individual boy and girl. But his interest went beyond the class-room into every activity of student life. To the boys, especially, he was a sincere friend, emphasizing always the value of moral cleanliness and honest effort.

Mr. Weinberger was inspired by an abiding faith in the youth of today and in the worthiness of Shortridge ideals. The work of his hands will be carried on by others, but the place he made for himself will never be filled, unless it be by the grateful memories of the Shortridge students, whose friend he was and whom he served.

—WILLIAM N. OTTO.







H, Humour, what crimes are
committed in thy name!

A LA RING LARDNER



R. GEO. BUCK, Shortridge High School, Indianapolis, Ind.:

Dere Mr. Buck: Wile hanging around Shortridge for 3 or 4 yrs., I have noticed several things wich I believe if changed would help the school and be greatly appreciated by all.

For inst., pupils coming to school before 8:10 every A. M., finds sevrul minutes time on there hands with nothing to do except twiddle there thumbs, play tit-tat-toe, etc. As I seen this evil condition, I thought it would be a blessing if the north corridor could be fixed up so as the pupils would have a nice quiet place to study there 1st hr. lessons, etc. These furnishings could be quite simple consisting of mebbe only a few groups of upholstered chairs, & a stable for ponies & mebbe a soda-fountain where the box-off. now is. Some people have intimated to me that a few paintings of trees, etc., would be suitable but I sed no, as it would probably take the pupils' minds off there studies and anyway I sed, there is too much paint around there now as a general thing. It seems to me that with these cumforts the pupils could study there lessons diligently before school, instead of the frivolous and injurious in-door sports I mentioned at 1st.

As they have been 2 or 3 people told me about having things stole in the past yr., I would suggest that every student be required to have his name writ on every article he owns or has in his possession so as that the very minute he loses it he can know it is gone.

They has been sevrul complaints in regard to the odor from the zoo lavoratory in the fish season. As the door is entirely unavoidable, and they is very decidedly an odor, I would suggest that a odor-proof door be installed in the lab. Many will probably laugh at the idear of as husky an odor as that being kept in by a mear door, but I believe it is possible. If the assts. would keep there hands in there pockets, except when using them it would help some. They is only one thing to it, as something has got to be done, as I have heard sevrul insulting remarks lately, in which the lab was compared to Kingan's, the Abbatoir, the Sellers' farm, etc.

As you probably know, many pupils do not get to eat lunch until 12:20 P. M. or even 1:05. By this time the fierce nawing pangs of hunger has drove all thots of study from there minds & it seems to me that it would be a tremendous benefit to the helth of the pupils & there peace of minds if a light lunch was served in the S. R.'s say at 12 o'clock, consisting of a glass of milk and 2 Graham crackers or some such food. This would take the form of a social hr. and a good time would be had by all.

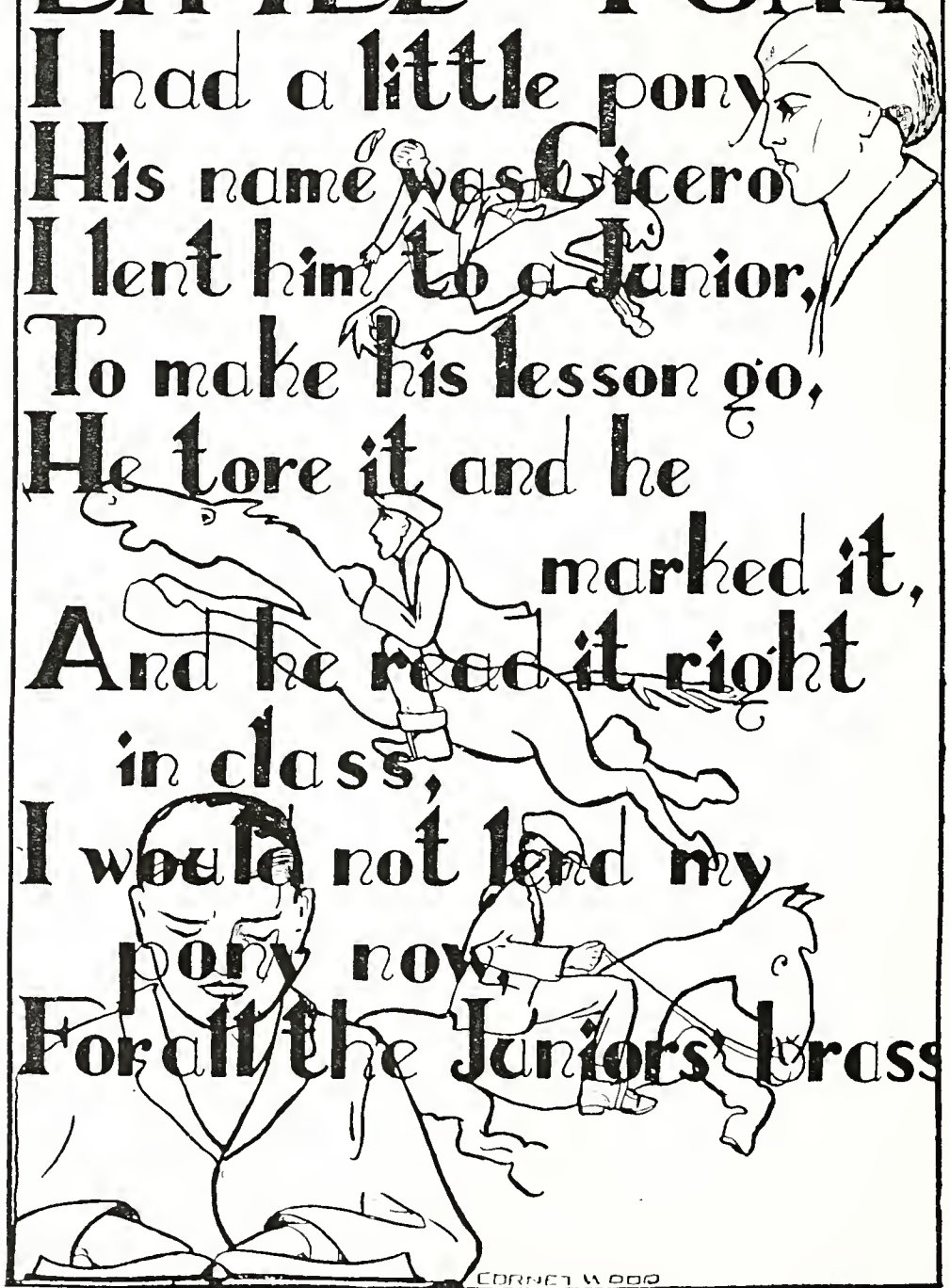
Hoping that you will see the undoubted merit of the above, & the necessity for immediate action, I remain,

Yours truly,

—Stan Gray, '22.

I HAD A LITTLE PONY

I had a little pony
His name was Cicero
I lent him to a Junior,
To make his lesson go,
He tore it and he
marked it,
And he read it right
in class,
I would not lend my
pony now,
For all the Juniors' brass



CORNET WOOD

HOTDAWGSKI

From the Russian (Indeed, very far from the Russian) - Scene: street behind Thomash's Restaurant

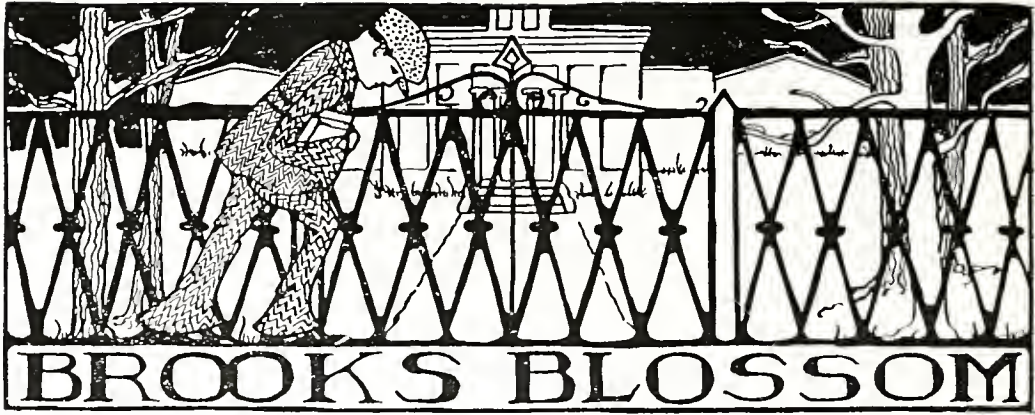
Curtain rises and bows
Small dog enters and immediately
door in Thomash's opens.)

Manshi: Nice doggie, nice
doggie.

Dog enters and door closes.
"Wowshi! Halpski! Waf-
shi! Eeshi!!"

Five minutes elapse
Group of children enter Thomas-
ki's and come out eating.

Chorus: Hotdawoshi.
Curtain trips and falls



THE shades of night were falling fast,
As slowly down North Street, there passed,
A youth who bore 'mid ice and snow,
A stack of books, all in a row.

Brooks Blossom.

His hat was large, his coat was brown,
And trousers long his legs ran down.
And oxfords on his feet he wore,
And two white socks and nothing more.

Brooks Blossom.

He slowly staggered down the road,
He struggled on toward his abode,
For five large books were in his hand,
The weakened boy could hardly stand.

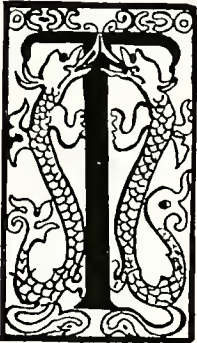
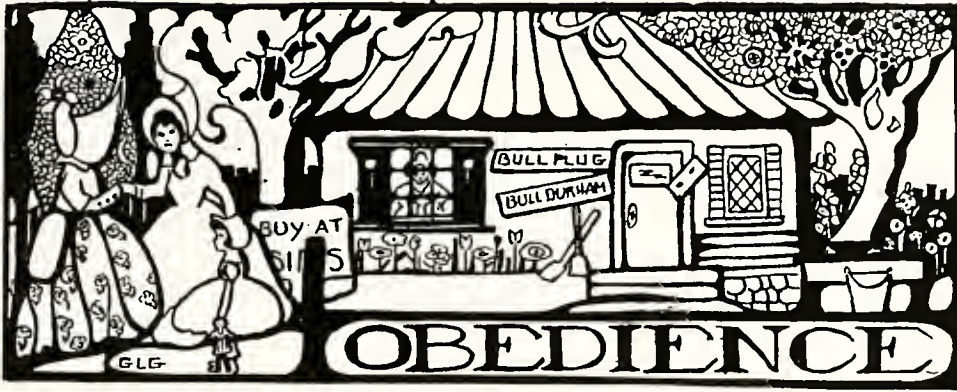
Brooks Blossom.

At last he reached the hurried throng,
And then looked down the car-track long,
The car he wished came not in sight,
While slowly day was changed to night.

Brooks Blossom.

As passers thought of home and kin,
They stopped and looked askance at him,
For while they thought of paltry feeding,
"Novum Organum" he was reading.

Brooks Blossom.



AB is a little sun-baked place with a population corresponding to the length of its name. Its only suggestion of the outside world is the Standard Oil filling station on one corner. Opposite it stands the general store, a frame structure, once-white, with a decided backward tilt. On the dilapidated platform in front are several rough benches upholstered with Mail Pouch and Bull Durham advertising, where the unemployed lounge, and discuss everything from the latest fashions to the presidential elections.

The store proper is ruled by Pa and Ma, or rather Ma, Sims. Pa is a little man with a straggly gray beard and a thin voice; Ma is of stouter proportions and possesses a powerful personality. Pa weighs out the tea and sugar under Ma's expert direction, occasionally given from the living quarters to the rear.

For thirty-seven years he had obeyed her without question. For thirty-seven years he had put on a white collar on Sunday morning and driven her to church. When she called he had trotted at once to do her bidding. Doubtless he had more than once dreamed of the freedom that other men had, but habit, as well as a wholesome fear of his wife, had kept him in subjection.

One sunny morning a little girl with white hair and a lisp brought some butter to exchange for a can of molasses and some corn meal. She lingered before the candy counter with longing eyes, and Pa, being in a generous mood, slipped a long, superannuated red-and-white stick out of the dusty case and gave it to her.

At dinner time, Pa sat down to a spotless table. Ma was bending over something on the stove. She spoke without turning her head: "Was that that little Smith girl in the store this morning? I thought so. I noticed some candy missing out of the case. Did you give her a piece?"

Pa mumbled something unintelligible.

"Did you?" she turned and faced him squarely. "Yes, you did. I can tell by the way you act. Oh, you don't have to lie to me. Now if it had been one of the good customers—but those Smiths!"

A resolution was slowly forming in his mind, a climax to the thirty-seven years of peaceful submission. He had no definite thought of defying his wife, only a determination to do what he wanted to do.

Abe Blackwell and his cronies had left for the evening, and Pa was

pottering around the store, when the voice of his better-half broke the stillness. "I noticed that the soap was almost gone on the shelf this afternoon. You'd better get some more out and put it up while I get supper."

Pa, to all appearances, did not hear. He deliberately pulled his old wicker chair out into the afternoon sunshine and lit his pipe. The clatter of dishes, the sizzling of grease in the skillet and the aroma of coffee told that supper was nearly ready. Still he sat passive.

"Pa!" came a voice from the kitchen; and again, "Pa!"

This time he was silent for a good reason. He had backed against the wall, arms stretched above his head, and eyes on the muzzle of a gun. Two masked men had stepped from a machine in front and taken him by surprise.

"We need money bad," said the taller, jerking his thumb in the direction of the filling station, "and he didn't have much. Just be quiet awhile and don't yell, because it's dangerous."

The other emptied the money from the till, scraped it into a sack hastily emptied of salt, and began to rummage through the drawers.

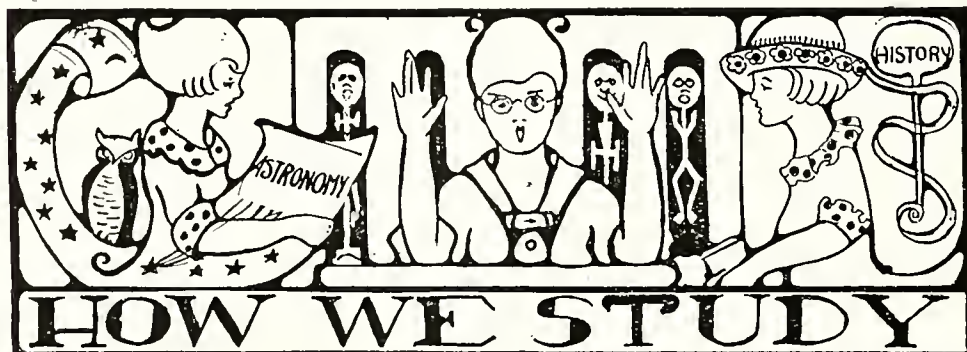
"Pa!" came the voice again in dangerous tones.

No answer.

"Pa! come to supper immediately!"

And Pa, inwardly blessing the strangers who had thus assisted him in daring to begin his long fight for freedom, answered, "Wait a few minutes, Ma. I'm busy now."

—ALICE DIMMICK, '23.



ALBOA discovered the Pacific; Balboa discovered the Pacific in—what did you say? Oh, yes, I'm just crazy to have my hair bobbed, but dad would just rave. Oh, I never will learn this history. Balboa discovered the Pacific in—oh, I never will get this history, but you-know, kid, I'm just crazy about French. Why, I've taken it for only three weeks and already I can introduce phrases in conversation. Let me see, we were to learn to conjugate 'parler' for tomorrow. Je parle, tu parle, il—oh, I cut my bangs last night and dad just raved. Let's see—je parle, tu parle, il—I think I'll get this French in study hall tomorrow, and get my physiography now. Are the planets inhabited? You know I think they are, but—oh, you aren't going, Mary? Yes, it always wears me out to study hard this way all evening. Well, see you tomorrow!"

—KATHRYN SWAIN, '23.



THE birds are being planted,
The corn is on the wing,
The canaries slowly chew their cud,
The cows begin to sing.

The squirrel is whistling cheerfully,
The ant comes from his den,
The pussy willows cannot sleep
For the barking of the wren.

The cat is twittering merrily,
With all his heart and soul,
The elephant sees his shadow,
And crawls from out his hole.

The warty little hop-toad
Just lies in bed and cries,
While the rabbit sits upon the hill,
And feeds himself on flies:

The sheep slide slowly through the grass,
The snakes play in a flock,
The red-bird moans in thrilling tones,
From the mouth of the cuckoo clock.

These things are a part of Nature,
(Yes, she is a wonderful thing!)
Of which I took note the other day,
While searching for signs of spring.

—CEPHAS FORT, '23.

HOW TO EDUCATE ONE'S PARENTS



REALIZING that books on the education of children, cats, dogs, pigs, canaries and other wild beasts, have been written, and also realizing that the great present need is a book on the above subject, the author has endeavored to supply the lack.

I. Parents must be taught that they have no power in the family—i.e., all powers rest with the children. This principle is the basis of the entire system. Father must learn that he is in good standing only so long as he supplies money continuously, and mother only when she washes, irons and cooks up to par.

II. Parents must take care of their children's clothes. Buttons must always be in their proper places. To show that this is a great need, I have only to state that 1,795,683 safety-pins were used by high school students in one month in 1919. Think of the safety-pin trust.

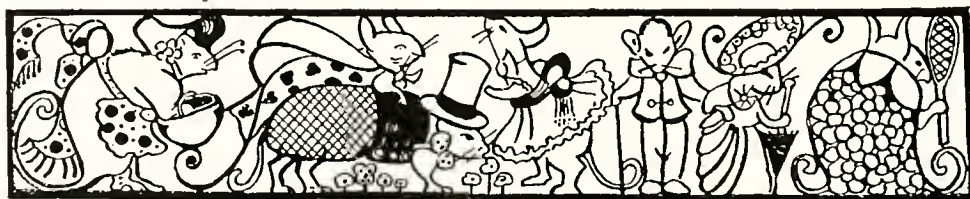
III. Parents who are used to encountering D's must be taught that they are never to protest the matter. The motto for the entire course of study may well be used here: "Parents should be rarely seen and never heard."

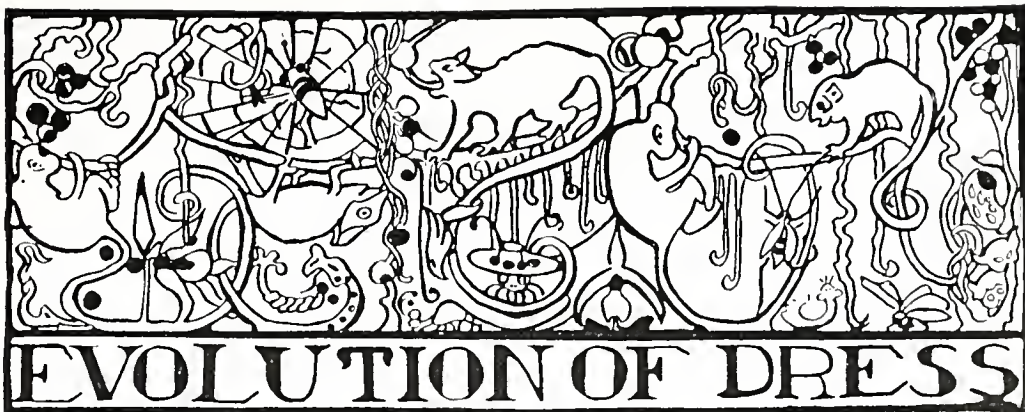
IV. The key-note of this lesson is: "What belongs to my parents is mine, but what is mine is my own." It makes no difference at all whether mother can find her new white collar and cuff set when she needs it, or dad his new knitted necktie. Parents are not supposed to spruce up, anyway.

V. Parents must realize that their sons and daughters need money for lip-sticks, rouge, Bandoline, and other such necessities. If they can not be taught to treat the matter in a common-sense manner, it is best to impress upon them the fact that going to school requires many books and supplies. Sometimes English alone requires a book a week. (If they become inquisitive* about the non-appearance of so many books, remind them that you have a study period at school.) Much tact is required in the former method, and the latter is used by most expert operators.

* If parents are inquisitive at any time, such a tendency should be stamped out immediately.

—FRANCES WESTCOTT, '23.





HEN I was a monkey and you were an ape,
In the jungle of Jugee,
We hung by our nails and swung by our tails,
And jibbered in Chimpanzee.
We loved the clime and the mud and the slime,
As we frolicked beneath the sun,
And we never knew, by an hour or two,
When the day was ended or done.

No clothes we wore, on that palm-green shore,
Nor little we ever dreamed,
That far, far away, 'cross the Indian bay,
Our actions would one day be screened;
That our tails so strong, hairy, snaky, and long,
Would one day be turned into panels,
And the hair on our faces, on down through the races,
Would be covered with costly enamels.

Oh, little we knew what our actions would brew,
In the customs which I have just stated,
Or thought that our mummies would one day be dummies,
Milady's hair styles there created.
And how could we tell, as we walked through the dell,
And looked at the fast-growing squashes,
That down through the ages and popular rages,
They'd come out and flop as galoshes?

We sat in the shade which the palm-trees made,
While the women did all of the working,
They failed to fuss, nag or scold at us,
And say we were lazy or shirking.
They fixed palm leaves in various weaves,
Draped flowers and grasses upon it,
And man sighs still as he pays the bill,
That anyone thought of the bonnet.

Drappings and stockings and stick-candy ties,
There are no two ways about it;
Tuxedos and canes and English glass eyes,
You may love them all, but I doubt it.

—MARY CHAMNESS, '22.

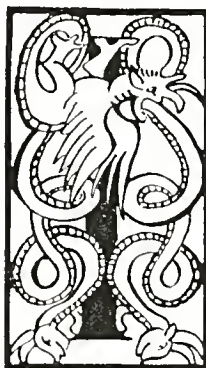
SPRING HATS



IN THE SPRING a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," but the chances are that the beloved is already crowned with a darling spring hat of some riotous shade. Hence, early in March you start out on your hat-hunting expedition, with your mother or a girl friend, your drab winter bonnet, and an unquenchable desire (which brooks no protest from the exchequer) for a flaming red or a gleaming orange. You squeal with delight at the sight of a deep jade, or a screaming pink in a window. But later you moan, as the orange is placed upon your drab locks, which were golden under a soft blue. "So sweet," from the purring lips of the French clerk, "and only eighteen-fifty." "Well, I'll look a little longer, perhaps," (emphasis on the perhaps). Similar ordeals are gone through until the nimble eye of Mademoiselle Jeanne spies a navy taffeta with a bunch of non-descript, sand-colored flowers on the side. Swish! It is on your head. It feels comfortable, looks natural and costs only seven dollars. What's the use of being so conspicuous, anyway? The red and orange make one last feeble supplication as the golden rays of the setting sun linger on their brilliance, but they are defeated at the suggestion of a dear little sand-colored veil with the blue. "Will you wear it or have it sent?" You'll wear it—forever!

—FRANCES POND, '23.

HAMLET'S GHOST



IF HAMLET were to come to life,
I wonder what he'd think,
To see the girls with dresses short,
And cheeks and lips all pink.

He'd never have the nerve to say
(As in the days of old)
He hated women; no, indeed,
He'd never be so bold.

He'd take a girl on either arm,
Down to the first drug store,
And order sodas; then he'd go
And get a couple more.

And when he'd had a score or more,
He'd sit around and boast,
But when they brought the bill he'd moan,
"I see my father's ghost!"

Bangs of Whiz

By Jabez Wood

VOL. 4123 c.c.

JUNE, 1922.

PRICE, Nonsense

EVE'S DROPPING

The world was a lonely place to be
Before the women came.
Men wandered about the "dreary" wood
In search of wary game.

They fed on archeopteryx
And killed the dodo bird.
They munched the bones of mastodons
Of which you all ha e heard.

They tired of such a weary life,
And to the Lord they prayed.
He listened to their woeful pleas
And soon came to their aid.

One chap, named Adam, sat down to rest,
Late one afternoon.
The shadows lengthened to the east
For night was coming soon.

He wished he had a helpful mate
To bear his famous name.
And as the sun sank in the west
What do you know—*ere* came.

My gal's the funniest gal
That ah 'ave evah known;
She's the bashfullest thing that evah
grew,
But she's mah very own.

T'other dav she and I
Wah wahkin' down the street.
Right wheh a busy mason
Was puttin' in concrete.

The man, he let some mortar slip.
It hit her in the side.
Ah don' know what to cahll it,
But she shuah was mohtahfied.

Thtop it, George, thtop it,
Thtop it twick, I thay!!
Now, George, pleze thtop it,
Pleze, pleze doe away.

I tell 'ou George I'll thlap 'ou!
I'm dettin' awful mad.
And besides I guess I've played
Bridge before, and I can play this
HAND!!!!

SCRIBS

"You give me a pane!" said the win-
dow, as the ball went sailing through the
glass.

Suppose the styles should change, and
the girls should shine their noses and
powder their shoes.

Salesman—The vamp in this shoe is
wonderfully formed.

Fair Customer—Sir! How dare you!!

Two burglars got into the house the
other night. The clock struck one, and
the dog chased the other away.

If there was water in the springs of a
bed, would the pillow slip in?

Sure it would for comfort's sake, if the
feathers were down.

To avoid falling, watch your step and
no one else's when boarding a street car.

By the wav, it would take some hotel
to board a street car.

Bud was a fool, and he knew it;
But he drank it, just the same.
We didn't think it would do it,
But it made Bud wiser just the same.

Babe Ruth swatted a fly over the fence.
—Extract.

That's nothing. We all swat flies in
defense.

The Junior class is coming on;
It's coming on to power.
But don't forget old '22
When nighthood was in flower.

It doesn't seem quite fair when a hard-
working farmer waters his stock every
day, year in and year out, and never gets
rich; and then some fool-headed broker
waters his stock and becomes rich over-
night.



She knocks 'em down and drags 'em out,
And makes 'em holler: "Hallup!"
And Kenny says she is some girl;
They all sure love this Gallup.



He's tall and fair, with curly hair,
And spreads an awful line;
And one lass bonny, christened Connie,
Thinks Taylor dear is fine.



She wears her hair in cork-screw curls,
That hang adown her back;
She writes for Wednesday's and she has
Of prophecy the knack.



He runs the mile with ease and style,
His hang-out is the lab;
He slideth fish upon the dish,
And cutteth up the crab.



You all know her complexion,
Without a spot or tarnish;
She is a dancer of renown,
And all she needs is varnish.



He pries us loose from senior dues,
Although we try to balk;
And when with B. P. on the stage,
He makes his fiddle talk.



In Evanston, so far away,
She corresponds with males;
And when his letter fails to come,
Oh, boy! you bet he wails.



This cub reporter for the News
Writes school-notes as he should;
Could any maid console his woes,
It's certain Martha would.

This classy gal with looks to burn,
Compiled our class's history;
Just pipe her profile; why she got
Her job is not a mystery.

On diamond & football field,
On track or in the gym;
It's Riley here, and Riley there,
Our hats are off to him.

There's two of these,
How can we tell,
Which one is Ev
And which is El?

A tackle on the football squad,
Starred in the senior play;
His fair one lives in Terry Hut;
His name is _____.

Our superintendent's daughter, plump,
Has several tons of pep;
When she asks you to be Frank with her
You'd better watch your step.

Upon his Marmon's cushioned seat
He seldom is alone;
We hope that he will some day have
A great house of his own.

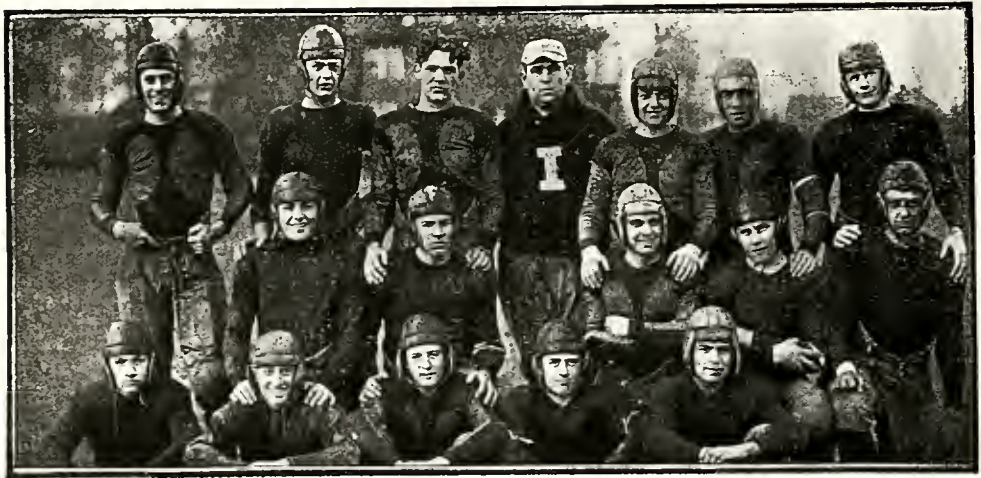
As Cora she made an impression—on us,
And what's more, with her heels—on the stage;
As scribe for the class she controls herself well,
But refuses to talk of her age.

The mighty Dave plows through the line,
And takes 'em off the back-board;
But when it comes to writing names,
He messes up the black-board.









Varsity Football Squad, 1921.

Top Row: Ray, C. Meyers, Kilgore, Mr. Julius (coach), Riley, Escol, Stillwell.
Second Row: Cohen, C. Woods, Lovell, Hoatson, S. Meyers. Bottom Row: Parsons,
Smith, Wanner, Thatcher, L. Wood.

FOOT BALL TEAM



HE Shortridge football season for 1921 may well be termed successful.

Coach Julius, for two years mentor at the northside school, awoke before the dawn of the gridiron season and hustled his proteges o: to Bloomington for a ten-days' practice session. Before he returned, he had a pretty good idea who was who and who was what. The equipment of Indiana University was used.

When the lads started practising out on their own gridiron at Thirty-fourth and Pennsylvania Streets, they proved to the coach that their trip to Bloomington had not been in vain. They lit into Old Man Practice hot and heavy and made things hum.

After several weeks of the usual waiting, the athletic board erected a small building which contained the lockers and showers. This saved quite a bit of time for the players.

Then came the real grind in preparation for the Elwood game, September 30. The coaches got behind the team with a whip, and the youngsters tugged hard in the harness. Julius managed the first stringers, and Gorton bawled at the scrubs. The team soon proved to be light, fast and aggressive. The youngsters who finally survived the drubbing were L. Woods, C. Myers, Hoatson, Parsons, S. Myers, Ray, C. Woods, Riley, Wanner, Kilgore, Lovell, Escol.

Much credit is due to the lads who journeyed every afternoon to the practice gridiron. They worked hard; they fought; they did their best.

Yes, the Shortridge football season for 1921 may well be termed successful.

Elwood

The blue and white squad knocked the Elwood eleven a pretty curve in the first game of the year. The school was pepped up; the yell leaders were initiated, and the team was primed for the occasion. The final score read—Shortridge, 7; Elwood, 0. The school went wild. They swooped through Irvington and bothered the down-town traffic cops. It was a glorious event and a good game.

Brazil

The Brazil fuss was not so good. The game was played on the clay gridiron at Brazil, which was a deal wetter than a prohibitionist's cellar. The affair was a farce. The Brazilian nut was a little bit too hard to crack. The final score was 6-0.

Wabash

The Brazil defeat put the old-time pep into the team, and when it trotted out on the gridiron the next time, it proved a bit too much for the Wabash eleven to handle. They outplayed their opponents at every turn. Riley and Kilgore showed up the best for the blue and white. The game ended 32 to 7. The affair was reckoned the best game that the blue and white played during their entire season.

Technical

The next game was the big game of the season. Julius and Gorton "gave her the gas," and the youngsters responded to the operations. Tech had been the bane of the Shortridge sideliners for two years, and the 1921 team resolved to turn the tables. Everything went well. The dope was in favor of the northsiders. But as luck would have it, the weather man turned traitor and sprinkled the gridiron, making it just too slippery for comfort. The game was slow and listless, with the blue and white a bit better on functioning. But the weight of the Tech huskies stayed their attack and the affair ended in a scoreless tie.

Bloomfield

The Bloomfield game was in the nature of a pleasant surprise to the Shortridge rooters. Bloomfield was reckoned one of the strongest teams in the state. The gridiron was slippery, as usual, but the youngsters used their experience and came home with the bacon, 6-0.

Manual

The Manual game salted down the hopes of the Shortridge fans. Dope was favoring the blue and white, and everyone expected a victory. Manual was just naturally "on," and Shortridge was "off." The red and white trounced over the northsiders to the tune of 50-0. The only excuse that can be offered is that the youngsters cracked in the first quarter and then broke in the third. Over-confidence played a part also. The feature of the game was the sixty-yard run from the kick-off of Harmeson, Manual quarter.

Final Scores

Shortridge,	7	Elwood,	0
Shortridge,	0	Brazil,	6
Shortridge,	32	Wabash,	7
Shortridge,	0	Tech,	0
Shortridge,	6	Bloomfield,	0
Shortridge,	0	Manual	50
Total of Scores			
Shortridge,	45	Opponents,	63



VARSITY BASKET BALL SQUAD, 1921-22.

Kilgore, Johnson, Dixon, Appleman, Harrington, Riley (Capt.), Smith,
Mr. Gorton (coach).

BASKET BALL



HE basket-ball season of 1921-22 was considered the most unsuccessful since the restoration of inter-scholastic athletics at Shortridge. The fault belongs to no one. Everyone, from the coach to the smallest freshman, worked, hoped, and prayed; but all their efforts were in vain. Dame Fortune simply would not smile.

Too much cannot be said about the spirit of the student body. The rooters went wild at every game, and when they were beaten, came back strong next time to see if their luck would not change. The city papers noticed it; the students of other schools remarked about it, and, indeed, the whole city marvelled at it.

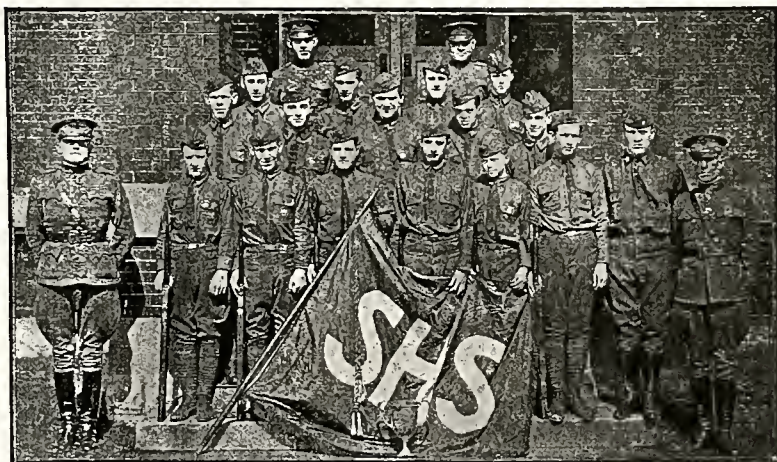
The results of the games appear horrible in type, but they must be admitted. The official results read: Won—one; lost—sixteen. Having wandered thus through a gloomy season, the plucky chaps who wore the blue and white, went trotting out on the floor at the sectional meet, happy and confident; but in one of the hardest-fought games ever played by a Shortridge squad, their hopes were cruelly dashed to the ground by a two-point defeat at the hands of the Valley Mills five. With all this, the Shortridge student body is already thinking of next season. As one of the city papers remarked: "Real spirit, eh?"

The lads who proved the best, and went through the mill, were: Johnson, Riley, Harrington, Franklin, Kilgore, Appleman, Cohen, Elmore, Kinzer, Dixon, Ferguson, McNaught, and Smith. The line-up which played in the sectional and which was the best working combination that Gorton hit, was: Harrington and Riley, forwards; Johnson, center; McNaught and Kilgore, guards. Ferguson, Elmore, and Kinzer, who had shown great promise early in the season, were forced out of the game by injuries, and other causes, before the schedule was half over.

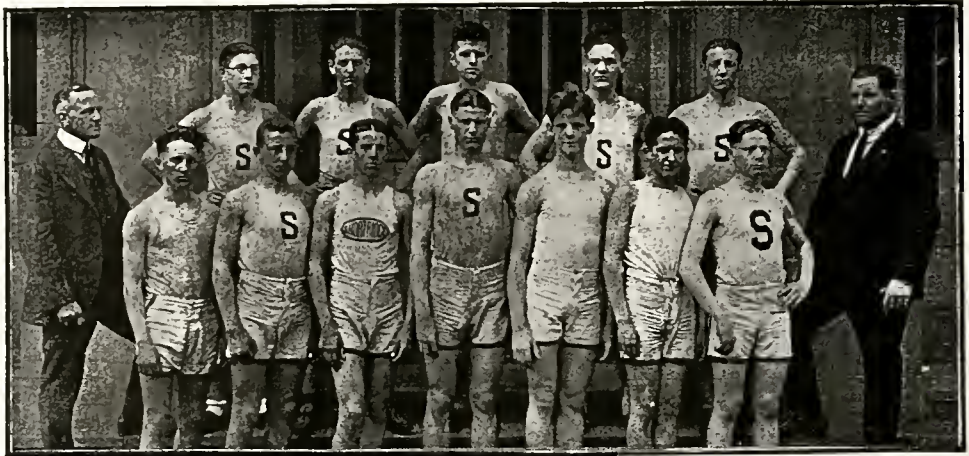
The first game was with Wabash, and the affair was full of thrills and disappointments. The final score read: Wabash, 21; Shortridge, 20. One point to the bad at the first of the season sounded good, and everyone was encouraged. From then on, it was one heart-breaking defeat after another.

Riley was high point man for the season, making 37 field goals and 80 fouts out of 152 attempted, with a total of 154 points. Johnson was next with a total of 60, followed by Harrington with 52, Kinzer with 22, and Kilgore with 20. A summary of the season follows:

Shortridge, 20	Wabash, 21
Shortridge, 21	Logansport, 34
Shortridge, 13	Franklin, 38
Shortridge, 25	Spiceland, 27
Shortridge, 26	Broad Ripple, 35
Shortridge, 22	Jefferson, 38
Shortridge, 22	Columbus, 59
Shortridge, 9	Lebanon, 61
Shortridge, 21	New Bethel, 22
Shortridge, 20	Crawfordsville, 32
Shortridge, 5	Vincennes, 86
Shortridge, 10	Shelbyville, 58
Shortridge, 23	Martinsville, 65
Shortridge, 35	Wiley, 24
Shortridge, 32	Elwood, 40
Shortridge, 27	Bedford, 40
Shortridge, 22	Valley Mills, 24
Totals, Shortridge, 353	Opponents, 704



THE Shortridge R. O. T. C. rifle team, shooting in competition with schools in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, and West Virginia, this spring, won the championship of the Fifth Corps Area by a comfortable margin. The cup, symbolic of the victory, was presented to the battalion, at a review in April, by the general commanding the area. The shooting was done in the Shortridge rifle-range, and the averages of the different schools were compiled and compared at corps headquarters. At present writing, the team is engaged in the national shoot, where it is expected they will make a showing corresponding to the one made last spring.



VARSDITY TRACK SQUAD, 1922.

Top Row: Mr. Gorton (coach), Kurtz, S. Meyers, Griffey, Kilgore, Gray, Mr. Roache (manager). Bottom Row: Smith, Mayer, Bryan, Stillwell, Moore, Chapman, Franklin.



HE track season at Shortridge was, on the whole, unsuccessful. Although the Blue and White aggregation scored second in several meets, they did not return victors in a single contest. There were several flashes of good form at times, but the lack of material prevented a winning squad from being developed. One of the surprises of the season was the running of the half-mile by Robert Bryan of Shortridge. He took second in the sectional, and third in the state meet. Spencer Myers contributed a good share of the team's points by his work in the high jump. The all-around work of Captain Kilgore was also an outstanding feature of the year. Although the team met with little success, Coach Gorton should be congratulated on his coaching of the meager material.



BECAUSE of lack of material, no 'varsity baseball team was formed in Shortridge, in 1922. Instead, an intramural league of four teams was organized, the league being under the management and tutelage of Coach Julius. At the end of the season, which consisted of a series of six games, the White Sox and Giants were tied for the championship. The Indians and Red Sox were the other two teams that competed.

Each team had a faculty manager, who directed the team. The games were all played at Riverside Park, each nine playing once a week. While the brand of ball exhibited was in no way phenomenal, everyone who was a member of a team enjoyed the fun, and in many other ways the league was a success.



SHORTRIDGE ORCHESTRA



SHORTRIDGE BAND



BOYS' GLEE CLUB



HE Shortridge All-star basket ball team enjoyed one of the most successful seasons in the history of the feminine branch of the sport at Shortridge. Only two games were dropped during the season, Manual defeating the local sextet twice. Victories were scored over Tech, Hoosier Athletic Club, Deaf and Dumb School, Christamore Settlement, and Y. W. C. A. girls. The feature of the season was the win over Tech, the S. H. S. basketballettes forcing the Green and White sextet to bow down in a 42-12 defeat. The members of the Shortridge team were: Dorothy Stephenson, Ellen Saxon, Naomi Fike, Katherine Schmidt, Jessie Forbes, Lucy Caldwell, Norma Mueller, Miriam Faye, and Rowena Smith.



BESIDES the All-star basket ball team, the Shortridge girls have indulged in many other sports. Monograms were awarded by the Athletic Board to those who excelled in these intra-mural contests. In the ten-team basket ball league, the team captained by Lucy Caldwell took the title, after playing off a tie with Dorothy Stephenson's team. The hockey championship was also won by a team captained by Lucy Caldwell. All the members of both of these teams received monograms. Dorothy Stephenson won the girls' tennis tournament, which was one of the largest ever staged in Shortridge, and received a monogram. Dorothy also captained the winning team in the volley ball league.



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB



CRESCENDO CLUB



PSYCHOLOGY CLUB

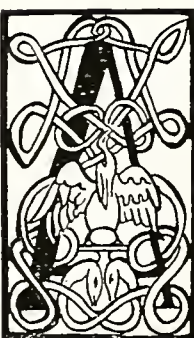
MINOR ATHLETICS



ALLACE WILEY won the Shortridge golf tournament, held in the spring, on the South Grove golf links. In the final round he defeated Abraham Thatcher by a close margin. The winner played consistent golf throughout the tourney, and turned in some exceptionally good scores. Other players who showed up well were Moag, Solomon, and Smith. Sixteen players entered the tournament, which was in many respects the most successful ever staged. Much credit is due Mr. Rice, whose efforts helped the tournament to its success. Shortridge is one of the few high schools in the country that fosters golf as a sport, so that it is comparatively unknown among the schools, thus making it much harder to hold a successful meet.



S usual, a superior quality of tennis was exhibited during the past year at Shortridge. The tennis team, composed of Julius Sagalowsky, Guy Dixon, Erwin Russ, and Stanley Allen, have not lost a match at the present writing. The Blue and White representatives defeated Franklin and Kokomo twice. It marked the first year of interscholastic tennis competition. Dixon and Russ won the Shortridge Spring and Fall tournaments, respectively. In the fall meet Dixon upset the dope by trimming Sagalowsky in the challenge round. In the summer of 1921, Sagalowsky won the Indiana State Boys' Championship, and then won the national tournament, which was held in the East.



AFTER a prolonged absence, a Shortridge boys' intra-mural basket ball league was formed in 1922. The league consisted of four teams, each having about ten players on its personnel. A series of six games was played. The Blues won the championship, dropping only one game, which went to the Reds. The winning team captained by Richard Hayes, had such players as Robert Thornton, Guy Dixon, and James Hart, in their line-up.

The games were all close and hard-fought, and a good-sized audience was present at most of the encounters. The problem of letting the "little fellows" play, was solved by letting those of smaller build, play five minutes of each half.

The league proved an asset to Shortridge basket ball by developing several players for the 'varsity, McNaught and Dixon being included in these. Talent for use in future years was uncovered.

Mr. Watson managed the league, and was ably assisted by Mr. Rouch and Lieutenant Naylor.



FICTION CLUB



JUNIOR DRAMA LEAGUE



PRESS CLUB



UNDER the leadership of Mrs. Bowles, the Art Appreciation Club is one of the most active of S. H. S. organizations. The membership is limited to twenty, who are studying the advance aspects of art, more broadly than is possible in class. The purpose of the club is to "know and feel the eternal principles that are in all art, to study the master-ship of the ages, to know the art resources of the community, and to serve the community when possible, and to enjoy friendship through the common interests of high ideals." Psychological training for the æsthetic forms, as well as the cultural study of art, is part of the club's activity.



THE Math Club, a Shortridge organization not only for those who like mathematics, but also for those who like fun, has passed another prosperous and interesting year. This club has fifteen active members for whom a committee arranged enjoyable programs. At first, the lives of famous algebraists, geometrists, and other mathematicians were studied. At one meeting, Mr. Gingery, the club censor, talked on Einstein's theory of relativity, and later, Lloyd Evans and George Morton, Shortridge chess champions, explained their game. The present officers of the club are Bernice McClusky, president; Lloyd Evans, vice president; Dorothy Overman, secretary, and Jean Richardson, treasurer.



REAL joy in the life of the freshman is the Story Tellers' Club, exclusively for Hg's, and ably censored by Miss O'Hair. The club is one of the oldest in Shortridge, and for many years has furnished to its members an intetresting and instructive study of Greek Myths.

A party was given at Christmas time, and a splendid program and refreshments made the occasion an enjoyable one. The members of the club also made merry at a picnic given at Ellenberger Park in May.

The officers for the September semester were: Joyce Jackson, president; Margaret Cook, vice-president; Hazel Miller, secretary, and Alice Burkert, treasurer.



STUDENTS who believe in getting out of doors to study at first hand subjects discussed in their text-books, make up the Physiography Club. Glacial drift which means so much to Indiana farmers, and the work of streams, provide excellent material for investigation. Because of the predominance of field work this year, the officers elected in the fall, James Bugbee, President; Edmund Tucker, Vice-President, and Frederic Kilgore, Secretary, have not been called upon for duty. There are no dues, and all who go out are eligible. This year about 275 individual trips have been made to places of interest.



DISCUSSION HOUR



DEBATING CLUB



SENATE



DEBATE SQUAD, 1922.



SHORTTRIDGE enjoyed a fairly successful year in debating, winning one out of three debates, and winning the district discussion contest. Only four men remained from last year, rendering it very difficult for Mr. Otto, debating coach, to build winning teams. In the tri-state debate with Louisville Male High School, and Walnut Hills High School, of Cincinnati, the Shortridge team, composed of Henry Lindstrom, captain, Robert Hutchinson and Brooks Blossom, defeated Louisville, in a debate at Shortridge. The team debating Cincinnati, composed of Fred Lees, captain, Paul Huston, and John Barnett, was defeated, 2-1. The debate with Steele High School of Dayton was a 2-1 victory for the Ohioans. Joseph Furnas, William Cox, and Robert Harrington were the representatives of the local school. In the local district discussion contest, the Shortridge speakers, Taylor Creighton and William Cox, swept all honors, Creighton being awarded first and Cox second. Creighton took sixth place in the state contest at Bloomington.



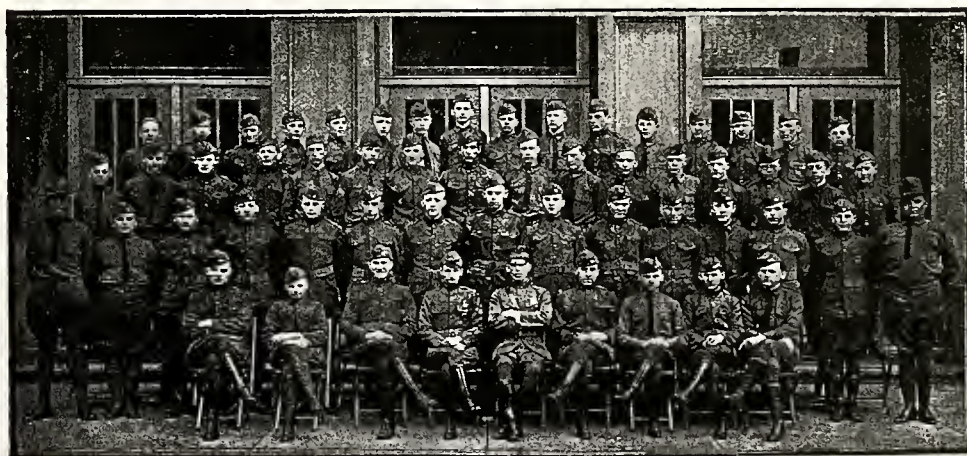
SHORTTRIDGE CHAPTER, NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY.



RADIO CLUB



ROMAN STATE



OFFICERS CLUB

CALENDAR 1921-1922

September 9. Football squad returns from Bloomington, plus a lot of bruises and minus several pounds apiece. Even Mr. Julius noticeably lighter.

September 12. Back to the old school again. The halls are thick with new seniors.

September 17. 350 infant '25's invade Shortridge, armed with nursing bottles and rattles. The Therapons have a busy day.

September 19. Senate holds first meeting. "Shakespeare" is prominent feature of proceedings.

September 25. Miss Cox resigns—enough to make, and *did* make, her "angels" weep. Nth editorial on school spirit appears.

September 30. Pep meeting. Mr. Gorton has his first vision. Several co-eds arrive on the verge of hysterics.

October 1. Gridsters carry off the bacon from Elwood, 7-0. Everybody happy. Bill Mothershead throws a rather complicated fit.

October 5. Mr. Wade amuses himself with a fire-extinguisher in auditorium. Freshman is heard to ask why he dresses like a barber.

October 7. Shortridge, 0; Brazil, 6. Splish, splash.

October 17. Who said state champs? Shortridge, 32; Wabash, 7.

October 27. Dixon defeats Sagalowsky for tennis title. Sale of "Son of Wallingford" tickets begins.

November 7. Marshal Foch reviewed by S. H. S. in parade. Beck Brown successfully sits on nothing in particular outside zoo lab and sees the whole thing.

November 14. Shortridge gobbles up Bloomfield, 6-0. Various candidates announce themselves for senior offices.

November 17. Biggest event of the year. Kilgore chosen president; Betty Wales, V.-P.; Irma Ulrich, secretary; Arnold Davis, treasurer; and Joe Furnas, Annual editor.

November 28. Shortridge falls before Manual's scarlet avalanche, 50-0. We beat 51-0 back in 1905. We've still got one on you, Emmerich.

December 6. Furnas selects Annual staff—no comments please—our reservations for the tropics have been made.

December 16. Christmas Echo comes forth. A finer and peppier edition was never seen. Everybody keyed up for a grand vacation.

January 3. School again. Some of us look a little the worse for wear. The old building is a total wreck after the Saturnalia.

January 17. "Clarence" is chosen for senior play. First snow of winter comes. The galoshes vanish.

January 24. Les petit juniors elect officers. Hutchinson, president; Clara Louise Ward, vice-president; Lucy Ashjian, secretary; Hammerman, treasurer.

January 25. Vergil II play. Jabey Wood displays his manly form in true Grecian manner as Pyramus. Tom Howe's Thisbe makes a decided hit.

January 30. More freshmen.

February 6. Martinsville outclasses Shortridge, 66-23. The joke about "Broken Blossoms" is again perpetrated on the school.

CALENDAR 1921-1922

February 6. Juniors plan a fair to fatten the family purse. Elwood leaves us behind, 49-32.

February 24. Thursday's begins running some mysterious cartoons. Walt Dithmer nearly has spasms of curiosity.

February 27. Senior class meeting. Play cast chosen, with Irma Ulrich and Maynard Wilson in leading roles.

March 1. Sectional approaching, finds S. H. S. in fine shape. Bretzman chosen for class photographer after thrilling contest.

March 3-4. Sectional at Coliseum. Shortridge put out by Valley Mills, 24-22. Manual winner.

March 10. Shortridge debaters win over Louisville in hard-fought scrap. Galoshes everywhere.

March 23. An Echo of cholera's hue comes out announcing the junior fair.

March 25. The Carnival shows everybody a good time. Frances Westcott, as a performer, receives a unique bouquet.

April 4. "Aren't they vile?" "Oh, not so bad." Senior picture proofs deluge the school.

April 7. Honor Roll announced with Frances Walters at the head. The mayor exhorts all seniors to go on Keith's circuit.

April 10. Creighton takes first place in discussion contest. The rain does not deter the ladies from attending en masse.

April 26. "Clarence" proves brilliant success. Stuart Walker calls it "best amateur performance I have ever seen."

April 27. Brooks Blossom makes memorable speech in Grant exercises. Great comic effect achieved.

May 5. Members of Honor Society announced in auditorium. Speaker swears twice in his address; Mrs. Carey is shocked.

May 8. Bill DaVie appears in first straw hat of year. Small riot results.

May 11. Journalism Echo appears, with a very good make-up. Miss Shields wears a look of conscious triumph all day.

May 12. Mr. Gingery becomes a proud payrent for the fifth time, and steps out in a white suit on the strength of it.

May 13. Shortridge gets eight points in sectional track meet. Tech cleans up on everything in sight.

May 18. Roman State throws a banquet. Mary Butler cleans up on one-and-one-half bowls of raisins single-handed.

May 20. Tech track squad, composed mainly of Gray, Glenn Gray, and G. Gray, wins state meet. Bob Bryan gives Shortridge a point in the half-mile.

May 26. Mr. Otto's "chickens" mix it with Steele High School's debaters. Result: 2-1 for Steele.

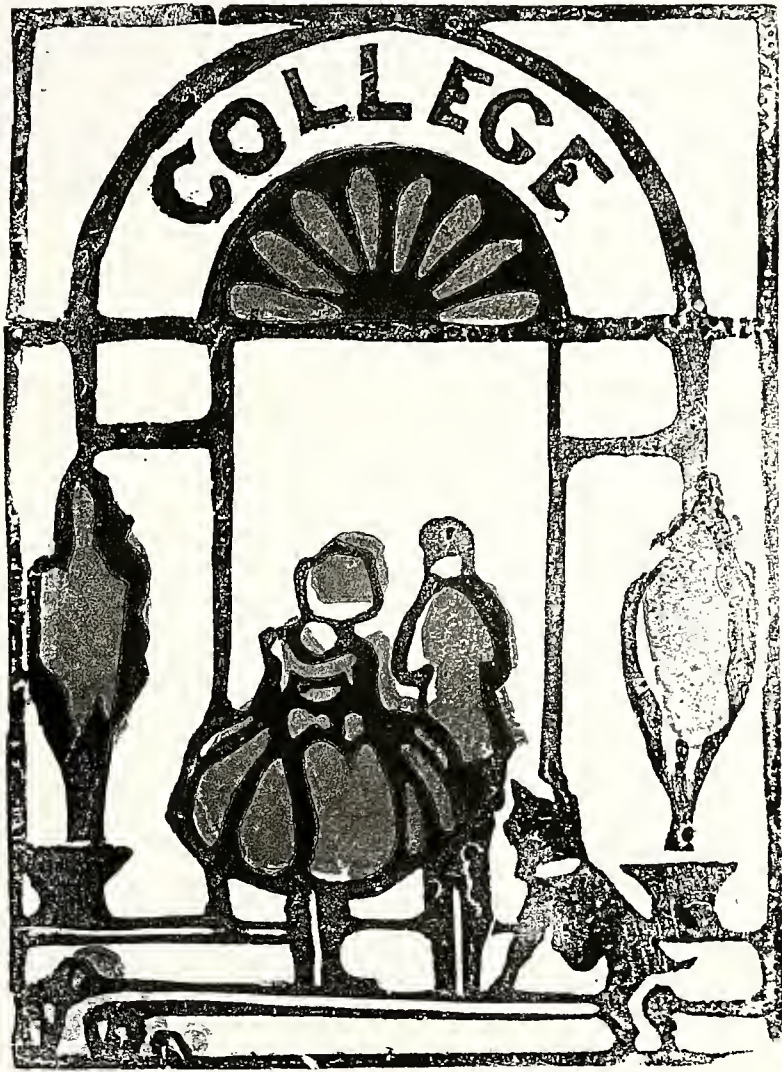
May 30. Shortridge attends the races en masse. Sun-burns much in evidence as a result.

June 11. Baccalaureate sermon delivered by Dr. Lewis Brown at St. Paul's. Many attend church for first and last time. The absence of the collection is welcomed by all.

June 13. Class Day. The meaning of the great popularity of "Count the Days" among the boys is disclosed.

June 21. Graduation.





HONOR ROLL

1. Walters, Frances	94.814
2. Ulrich, Irma	94.795
3. Howe, Thomas	94.482
4. Pihl, Margaret	94.357
5. Blossom, Brooks	94.2
6. Lindstrom, Henry	93.571
7. Bird, Lola	93.541
8. Furnas, Joseph	93.541
9. Piatt, Hollis	93.541
10. Lackey, Lora	93.392
11. Thomas, Edna Mae	93.260
12. Byram, Mary Anna	92.857
13. White, Donald	92.758
14. Huetter, Dorothy	92.142
15. Waters, Margaret	91.904
16. Holaday, Frances	91.851
17. Grabhorn, Sarah	91.730
18. Fritts, Florence	91.481
19. Greene, Octavia	91.458
20. Coval, Eugenia	91.379
21. Whitham, Lorene	91.071
22. Halliday, Justine	90.833
23. Behrman, Inez	90.803
24. Ryan, Norma	90.714
25. Hare, Laura	90.217
26. Oglesby, Lucile	90.188
27. Wood, Jabez	90.185

PART TIME HONOR ROLL

1. Buttolph, Richard	94.33
2. Noble, Grace	94.165
3. Curtis, Virginia	94.0
4. McClusky, Bernice	93.809
5. Davis, Edna	93.57
6. Jefferis, Joseph R.	93.0
7. Ostemeyer, Helen	92.75
8. Stephenson, Dorothy	92.187
9. Efroymsen, Robert	91.456
10. Ballweg, Pauline	91.25
11. Pritchard, Grace	91.022



SENIOR PLAY CAST, 1922.

Lloyd Evans, Lucille Jones, Maynard Wilson, Grace Noble, Irma Ulrich, James Ray, Janice Thompson, Taylor Creighton, Elizabeth Hoyle, Carl Neitzel, (property manager), Catharine McClure, Tom Howe.

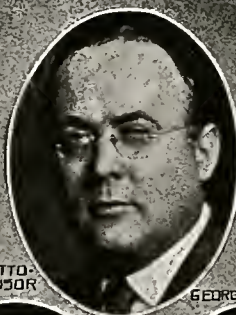
SENIOR PLAY



LARENCE," Booth Tarkington's clever comedy, was presented by members of the senior class, Wednesday evening, April 26, at the Murat Theatre, with decided success. The acting was splendid, and the excellent coaching of George Somnes was evident throughout the performance. Maynard Wilson as "Clarence," and Irma Ulrich and Thomas Howe, as the two "Wheeler" youngsters, were the stars of the evening. William Cissna was the business manager, and Carl Neitzel, property man, assisted by George Johnson, Glen Wiese, Charles Magness, and Jan Bowles. Miss Nora Thomas and Miss Gertrude Shields

had charge of the costumes and settings; while Mr. Otto and Mr. Crossland were the class and business censors, respectively. The cast:

Clarence	Maynard Wilson
Cora Wheeler	Irma Ulrich
Bobby Wheeler	Thomas Howe
Violet Pinney	Lucille Jones
Mrs. Wheeler	Janice Thompson
Mr. Wheeler	James Ray
Mrs. Martyn	Grace Noble
Della	Katherine McClure
Dinwiddie	Lloyd Evans
Hubert Stern	Taylor Creighton
Rosie	Elizabeth Hoyle



WILLIAM N. OTTO
SENIOR CENSOR



GEORGE BUCK



PRINCIPAL

ZELLA O'HAIR
LITERARY CENSOR



JOSEPH
FURNAS
ANNUAL
EDITOR



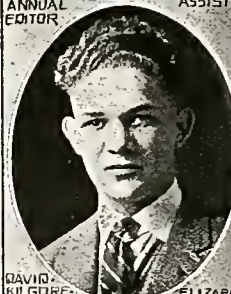
LE GRAND
LANNON
ASSISTANT EDITOR



GEORGE COLE
ART EDITOR



ADA E. SELLECK
ART CENSOR



DAVID
KILGORE
SENIOR
PRESIDENT



ELIZABETH WALE
SENIOR VICE-PRESIDENT



IRMA ULRICH
SENIOR SECRETARY



ARNOLD DAVIS
SENIOR TREASURER



ROBERT
HUTCHINSON
JUNIOR PRES



CLARA LOUISE WARD
JUNIOR VICE-PRESIDENT



LUCY ASHJIAN
JUNIOR SECRETARY



JEROME HAMMERMAN
JUNIOR TREASURER



JOEL
HADLEY
JR CENSOR



NELL M. THOMAS
JUNIOR CENSOR



CARL MERRITT
SR BUSINESS-MANAGER



ARTHUR LONG
JR BUSINESS-MANAGER



ANNUAL STAFF, 1922.

Brooks Blossom, Thelma Smith, Mary Anna Byram, Jabez Wood, Edith Corya,
Dorothy Sutherland, Caroline Godley, Nathan Davis, Betty Wales, Helen Stumph,
Tom Howe. Absent: Walter Dithmer, Alice Dimmick.



ANNUAL ART STAFF

Verla Bedenbaugh, Cornett Wood, Delores DeMiller, Grace Pritchard, Helen Wagoner,
Margaret Graham, Norma Mueller, Emily Starr, Gertrude Lewis,
Gertrude Geis, Carl Neitzel.

1. GEORGE APPLEMAN—The red-headed wonder. Very proud of his flame-colored hair. Plays a good game at back-guard. He certainly makes the opposing players see red.
2. MARTHA ARMSTRONG—A charming girl with a very sweet personality. The sister of Miss Ruth Armstrong, one of the faculty. Member of the Fiction Club. An excellent student.
3. HELEN AX—A sharp, keen little girl. Started with a bang, but ended up with bobbed hair. Combines looks and pep with good grades.
4. GLADYS BAINAKA—Good student, who has always been loyal to Shortridge. Gladys is well liked by all who know her.
5. PAULINE BALLWEG—Polly is an olive-tinted beauty who got over the bobbed-hair fever early. That serious look, emanating through bone rims, may easily be dispelled if you know the right word.
6. JULIAN BAMBERGER—The stocky boy, with a husky voice. Prominent rail-bird at basket-ball practice. One of those chaps with a permanent smile. Fine student. Has hosts of A+'s to his credit.
7. HELEN BARBER—Lil' sister of Martha who graduated in the class of '19. She has had a tendency to "hide her light under a bushel" but is a good student. Despite her name she has not bobbed her hair.
8. JOHN BARNET—Intellectual from head to heels. "Ask John, he knows," is a popular slogan. President Psychology Club, vice-president of the Senate, member of Tri-State debating team.
- ✓ 9. ELIZABETH BARRETT—Hair that tried hard to be red. Is quite a basket-ball fan, and has lots of musical ability. Good student.
10. RUTH BARRETT—A quiet, slender young lady who is extremely fond of music. Elizabeth's sister and Margaret's chum. A double interest in DePauw and I. U. for some reason.
11. RICHARD BARROWS—Dick is tall and handsome, but his hair will never stay put. His contortions as a yell-leader would give him a job in any circus. Knows more about the office than any one else since Harry Wade's day.
12. JEROME BASH—Romey played a great game at guard on the '20 football team. Has been a year at Butler, although graduating with '22. A boy's boy and a peach of a chap.
- ✓ 13. CORNELIA BATES—Sister of the famous Virginia, of days gone by. Keen student and wonderful dancer. Popular with everyone.
14. JULIA BATTY—Small, cute and clever. Has the ability to make many friends, because of her sweet ways and charming personality. Math Club.
- ✓ 15. RHEA BAUER—A tall, slender, and attractive brunette. That pleading look was helped along by many sessions with friend mirror. Her favorite name is that of a prophet fed by ravens in the wilderness.
16. DELORES BEAGLE—This is her first and last year with us. She comes from West Virginia, and has proved a great acquisition to the school.
17. VERLA BEDENBAUGH—Admired for her splendid ability as a student. Especially interested in art metal—therefore in Mrs. Bowles. An all-around girl—with a sense of humor.
18. INEZ BEHRMANN—A very hard working girl who is rewarded by those coveted prizes, A+'s. Commercial star and ardent basketball fan.
19. LOLA BIRD—A "bird" of a student who never fails to make all A+ grades. Equally proficient in all of her studies and an excellent example of scholastic Shortridge.
20. BROOKS BLOSSOM—Brooks has made his mark in Shortridge in his three years. An orator of ability and an A+ hound. Monday's editor, Tri-State Debating Team, Honor Roll, president of Press Club, treasurer of Psychology Club, Senate.



21. REZINA BOND—One of our young seniors. A cute little girl with bobbed hair, who doesn't like very much to go to school. Her surplus amount of pep accounts for it.
22. MARGARET BORCHERDING—Margaret's size is in inverse proportion to her name. Another Irvingtonite who is especially interested in Pennsylvania University. Pretty and petite.
23. JAN BOWLES—One of Mrs. Bowles' jewels. Tall, handsome, and quite the ladies' man. Famous members of Session Room 19 during his junior year.
24. OTIS BRADWAY—Otie struts in the summer as drum-major of the Culver band. Quite a miniature Rodolf Valentino. Popular with the fellows, and as for the girls—
25. BERTHA BROWN—Snappy black eyes and a failing for red dresses. Has a remarkable resemblance to her sister. Supposedly quiet, but watch out when she "springs her line."
26. FRANKLIN BROWN—Beck is a lady fusser who will work a telephone all night rather than go dateless. Good friend of Chas. Greathouse. Good student sometimes, and a good bluffer always.
27. HAROLD BROWN—Harold likes football, baseball, and basket-ball, and is a wireless hound. Five members of the family have graced the halls at Shortridge, and Harold is as good looking and brainy as any of them.
28. JULIA BROWN—The last member of the famous Brown family to come to Shortridge. Has a way of perking up her eyebrows, a la Wallace Reid. Admires a certain fraternity at Butler. Lovable and popular.
29. ROSS BROWN—An A+ honor roll student. Seldom speaks, but when he speaks he says something. An ardent basket-ball and football railbird.
30. JACK BRYANT—Bryant is quite the ladies' man whenever he has the "jack." Noted for that sweet complexion, and-oh, my! that hair. Everybody's fond of Jack.
31. RUTH BUCK—According to Ruthy's philosophy, basket-ball games are great opportunities for dates. Is she timid, is she shy—oh, my—NO!
32. RICHARD BUTTOLPH—A student, par excellence. His assiduity is equalled only by his perspicuity. An old friend of the midnight oil. Appears to be shadow-boxing when he talks.
33. MARY ANNA BYRAM—A worthy sister of the famous John, '19. Gets rows of pluses that make you dizzy, and is a star scribe for Thursday's. Last president of the Therapon Club. Annual staff.
34. SIDONIA BYRD—Sidonia is good-looking and a veritable fashion-plate. Star in art-metal, who has turned out some notable work.
35. LUCY CALDWELL—The good-looking captain of hockey, volley-ball, and basket-ball league teams. Guard on all-star basket-ball team for three years. Usually seen "Dodging" with Ruth Fowler.
36. CLARENCE CAMPBELL—A lieutenant who is prominent in military affairs. Junior Drama League, former president of Art Appreciation, and of Physiography Clubs.
37. REAGAN CAREY—Reagan carries a wicked tune on the saxophone. Simonized hair. A good-looking chap who is also an all-wool-and-a-yard-wide lady-killer.
38. HELEN CARPENTER—Another brown-eyed beauty who is quite interested in commercial courses. Nothing need be said about the host of friends she has made in Shortridge.
39. FLORENCE CARPER—Known as "Flo" to all her friends. Loves to dance and is always ready for a good time. Incidentally she is a good student, and is an especially bright light in physics.
40. BERNARD CASSELL—Handsome little chap, who is quite a fashion plate. A close friend of Julian Bamberger, and follows his lead in being a red-hot sports fan.



41. MARY CHAMNESS—An artist, poet, and designer. Fairly lives at the library. A clever girl, who does splendid work for Wednesday's Echo. Press Club.
42. FRANCES CHANDLER—A lovely lass. She is a close friend to the few who know her. Twin of Mary, of the class of '21, and good friend of Lorena McComb.
43. MARJORIE CHILES—By some hook or crook, Marjorie's hair is always perfectly marcelled. Is it "eastuhn" or "southuhn" (personally we think it's elocutin') that makes her talk so suavely? Decided dramatic ability.
44. MINTHA CHISM—Black bobbed hair and a pleasing personality. Went through Cicero in great fashion. Great admirer of Miss Donnan.
45. WILLIAM CISSNA—Bill is the one who put out all that literature for senior elections. Tall, gaunt, and mighty of stride. Business manager of senior play.
46. KATHERINE CLEGG—Another one of our blue-eyed Irish lassies. Extremely quiet, but when once started—ask her friends. A good, all-round student.
47. THELMA CLEMANS—Named after Marie Corelli's "Thelma." Has an interest in Tri-State College. Favorite poem, "Ode to an Eskimo Pie." Always stepping out in something new.
48. WEBSTER CLINEHENS—Tackled Math VI and trig at the same time. Doesn't go out for sports, but does go out to 8000 E. Wash—that's going some. Good, steady, friendly fellow.
49. BERNIE COHEN—Bernie is one of our football and basket-ball stars. Also one of Miss Donnan's History VIIIa sharks. A sure cure for the blues.
50. RUTH COHEN—A quiet, demure person, adorned with a scholarly air. Our idea of a real student, and lots of peoples' idea of a peach of a girl. Junior Drama League.
51. RUTH COMBS—A quiet little girl with lots of dignity and a decided twinkle in her eye. Pulls down the marks with a minimum of effort.
52. BEATRICE GANT—An artist of renown, who is a star poster-maker for Miss Ashbrook. She and Harry got along fine for a while, but it didn't last long. Snappy clothes.
53. SARAH COOK—Came to Shortridge this year from Fortville, Indiana. Tall, slender and graceful. Star in basket-ball, tennis, hockey, and volley-ball.
54. HELEN COULTIS—Of the type who say little but think much. Good student and well known for her activities in the Psychology Club. Girls' Glee Club, Girls' Discussion Hour.
55. EUGENIA COVAL—A very pretty, nonchalant young person, whose pretty blonde hair tries to conceal some real gray matter. The only French VIII pupil this year.
56. TAYLOR CREIGHTON—One of our senior sky-scrappers. Contemplates the use of some of Madame Walker's preparations. Famous for that Creighton luck. Noted for "Constance"-y. Yell-leader. President of our class in junior year. Senior play.
57. VIRGINIA CURTIS—Came to us in her sophomore year, and has indeed been a credit to our class. Can ask more questions than a kid brother. Intends to go to De-Pauw—there's a reason.
58. MERLE DANGERFIELD—Sister of Howard Dangerfield, '19. Specializes in drawing, and shows a decided interest in botany. Quiet, studious, and capable.
59. MARGARET DARKO—Her screams from the side-lines are sufficient to arouse the slowest athlete to startling activity. Margie has many feminine friends and some say—! One of the kind you look at twice.
60. MATILDA DAUGHERTY—Professes to be fond of young men in general, but no "blushing Romeo" in particular. While good in all her studies, likes a good time as well.



61. THEODORE DAVID—A good friend and a follower of Miss Donnan. Also a good student with a stick-to-it spirit. Prominent "hot air spieler" in the debates in the senate.

62. WILLIAM DAVIE—One of the best cartoonists in school. Side-kick of Miller Sherman and chief jester of Room 3. Long, lanky, and good-looking. Whittles the wood-blocks for Tuesday's Echo.

63. ARNOLD DAVIS—The famous fiddler. The best boy violinist in the city. Also as a side-line, held the office of treasurer of the senior class. Popular everywhere. Concert master of the orchestra.

64. DOROTHY DAVIS—Small and dainty, with a pair of big eyes that snap with fun and mischief. The girls think she is a peach, and lots of the boys have fallen—some of them hard.

65. EDNA DAVIS—Edna came to us from "Sunny Tennessee," in her junior year. Journeyed here especially to go to Shortridge. Has an interest in the state of Idaho.

66. TELFORD DAVIS—His report cards are works of art, as the honor roll in Room 5 will testify. No lady-fusser, but goes big with the boys.

67. HELEN DEEM—"Once upon a time I got all A+'s!" Helen has spoken many times of a young Technical gentleman named Herschel.

68. BERNICE DEERY—Whizzed through school in six short semesters. Cute and pretty and has the only original black hair.

69. DOROTHY DELL—A lively, little, bobbed-haired blonde, with a great supply of questions for teachers. Is a good student, and much interested in girls' athletics, especially basket-ball.

70. WALTER DITHMER—Behold ye pocket-size editor of ye Tuesday's Echo. Walt has carried along Tuesday's reputation as one of the best of the week, in great style. Forever skirmishing with his Shortridge relatives. Press Club; Annual Staff.

71. FRIEDA DOEPPERS—A petite, optimistic, sparkling-eyed brunette, who bubbles over with the joy of life. Popular because of her pleasing manner, and interested in school affairs.

72. CLARA DOSS—Clara is a girl of charming personality and many friends. She will be sure to succeed wherever she goes, because of her perseverance.

73. ROLLAND DOVE—A bird of a fellow. Accused by Taylor Creighton of trying to steal his chickens. Bright light in the Wireless Club. Always rides the street car, because he is crazy about the "connic."

✓ 74. HELEN DRISCOLL—The jolliest girl in Shortridge. Has a season ticket for Mr. Gingery's tardy conference classes. Everybody's friend.

75. RALPH DUNCAN—Red-haired. Shakes a mean slip-horn in the orchestra and band. Usually seen in an Overland, accompanied by the aforesaid horn. Head, brilliant—outside and in.

76. ERBEL EDDY—Has golden hair with a permanent marcelle, au naturel, that is the envy of many admiring friends. Sh—! It's a deep secret but she has quite a fondness for a certain green Hudson, and incidentally the driver.

77. ARATHER EDELEN—Brother of John, who graduated last year. Quite an athlete, but never went out for any sport here. Good grammar student.

78. ROBERT EFROYMSON—One of our double eagle scouts. Some people claim he knows the scout handbook, verbatim. Member of Thursday's Echo staff for two years. Former member of the Debating Club.

79. WALTER EHRGOTT—The boy with the patent leather hair. Walter went out for every sport in sight, including yell leading. Everyone knows him, and likes him.

80. ROGER ELMORE—"Weedy and long was he." A lanky forward and center, who handles the ball in great style. Has a keen look, and is one of the best dressers in school. Entered Wabash in February.



81. MARION EPPERT—We gained and "Wiley" of Terre Haute lost when Ep came here in his junior year. Good track-man. Has a failing for the ladies; but who blames him?
82. GLADYS ESTEP—A quiet, neat little girl, who always knows what she wants and usually gets it. Ranks high in her studies, especially in commercial courses.
83. BESSIE EVANS—Bobbed hair and hay-stacks have come and gone, and left Bessie's coiffure unchanged. She gobbles up hard work—especially math.
84. LLOYD EVANS—Went away in his junior year to Ohio, but came back to graduate. The McClure family has attractions for him. Math Club; honor roll and good fellow. Senior play.
85. MILDRED FEWELL—Turquoise blue eyes and a demure smile, plus a (naturally) pink complexion, make a nifty-looking young lady. Left us in her sophomore year but returned.
86. ETTA FINKELSTEIN—The possessor of a pair of "come hither" eyes that never fail. Has the wildest pair of ear-rings in school, which is saying a lot. Junior Drama League.
87. ELIZABETH FLANIGAN—Has recently acquired bobbed hair. It all flops sooner or later. She "loves" picnics. Suspected, because of her name, of being Russian—"two bitzky," you can't see the "pointsky."
88. ROBERT FLEMING—Guaranteed to be the smallest senior in captivity; yet a whale of a good sport and a regular fellow. Bob is the tiniest and hardest-boiled captain in the R. O. T. C.
- ✓ 89. ZELMA FLOREA—Titian-haired damsel with a flowery name. Particular pal of Jean Howie. Usual hang-out: in old black electric, in which the inseparable duo is invariably seen. Exquisite voice.
90. JEANETTE FOSTER—A small person with effervescent spirits and pretty blue eyes. One of the exceptional people who can really play "jazz."
91. MARGARET FOWLER—Margaret is pep itself. She is always ready for a good time, yet she is energetic in her studies. Wonderful dancer.
92. FLORENCE FRITTS—Tall, dignified, and usually quiet, she can talk very eloquently when started on any subject, especially on such topics as Miss McClellan or Miss Marthens. Honor Roll.
93. JOSEPH FURNAS—The chap who is responsible for this year book. Editor of Thursday's Echo for two years. Debate captain for two years. Joe lives up to his name—all he needs is a little fuel, and the teachers say a little shaking.
94. NAOMI FURNAS—Her size is in inverse proportion to her age—and her intellect. Came to us from Virginia in her senior year, but didn't take long to establish herself as a star. Very charming.
- ✓ 95. RUTH GALLUP—A symphony in pastel shades. She and Betty Graff have been inseparable since freshman days. Ruth appears quite demure, but you'll have to trot fast to keep up with this gallop. Ask Kenny.
96. GEORGIA GALLY—An extremely quiet blonde, who happens to be extremely full of mischief also. A sister of our gym teacher, Mrs. Rice. Fond of dancing, sandwiches and coffee.
- ✓ 97. MARIAN GODARD—Black hair, grey eyes, and pep by the bushel. Never seen without Lena somewhere in the immediate vicinity. Loves a good time but knows how to study.
- ✓ 98. CAROLINE GODLEY—Has slung printer's ink very effectively as editor of Wednesday's this year. Chum of Irma Ulrich. An erstwhile devotee of the kid-curlers, but a very fine girl for all that. Press Club, Junior Drama League, Annual Staff.
99. JOSEPHINE GORSUCH—A small package, full of pep, vim, and vigor. Has a fearful and wonderful coiffure. He lives in Lebanon—they say.
100. SARAH GRABHORN—Sarah is a shining light in history, and takes great delight in seeing how many A+'s she can knock down. Also a stage hand in the Junior Drama League.



- ✓ 101. ELIZABETH GRAFF—"T'other dear charmer" has nothing on Betty when it comes to knocking 'em cold. Has sparkling brown eyes and an inviting smile, and she's an excellent dancer, they say.
- ✓ 102. AIMEE GRAHAM—Friend of Betty Wales. Has a live-wire kid brother, but manages to survive. An excellent student and well liked; and oh, man, them duds!
103. HAROLD GRAY—He wears an Arrow Spur and a jazz bow. You know him by his winning smile. Ran for senior treasurer, with Bill Cissna as jockey.
104. STANLEY GRAY—Take elevator to second floor, find rooms twenty and twenty-one. The boy that isn't Allen Sells is Stanley Gray. Prominent Boy Slouch. Super-fine in all sciences. Track squad.
105. CHARLES GREATHOUSE—A senior of high altitude, but decidedly friendly attitude. Specializes in English. Chas. has an especial fondness for Richmond and Tudor Hall. Likely to be found with Dave Swain and Beck Brown.
106. OCTAVIA GREEN—A little girl with a small but persuasive voice. Her hair would make a wonderful advertisement for some hair tonic. Loves to fiddle away her time on the violin. Brilliant and lovable.
107. MARGARET GREENBURG—A cute little girl with a pair of sparkling orbs that make 'em all sit up and take notice good and hard. Snappy dancer and snappy dresser. Lovable ways.
108. HILDA GRIFFIN—Hilda, better known as "Polly" or "Fuzzy," has the curliest head of hair in Shortridge. Is a good student, with a deep sense of curiosity.
109. ROBERT GROVER—A newcomer who joined the ranks of Shortridge in September. He thought Cleveland was a pretty good place, but liked Shortridge better. Intends to specialize in engineering at Purdue.
110. EVELYN HAHN—Loves to dance and go out, but performs the supposedly impossible feat of getting good marks at the same time. Has light, bobbed hair.
- ✓ 111. MARGARET HALDY—A fur-coat fiend who also possesses horn-rims. Doesn't approve at all of people's going to Wabash in February instead of posting for a semester.
- ✓ 112. JUSTINE HALLIDAY—Is thrilled more times in a week than the ordinary person in a month. Pauline Ballweg is her chief confidante. Splendid scholarship record. Praetor in Roman State.
113. HELEN HAMILTON—Small, sweet, steady. Can flash her big, gray eyes to knock 'em down. Likes to delve in commercial lore.
114. EDITH HAMPSON—Edith has had quite a checkered career in schools, as she has tried those of Cincinnati, Chicago, and Indianapolis; but when she got to Shortridge she proved an asset.
115. MARGUERITE HANGER—Dark, small and very likable. She wants to study music thoroughly after she graduates. As it is, she is quite the musician, her friends say.
116. DOROTHY HANLEY—Dorothy never tries to create any real sensation, but she is respected by the entire school on account of her sterling qualities.
117. LAURA HARE—Laura is quite the equestrienne, khaki breeches and all. Very calm, companionable, and clever. Knows how to pull down the marks, too.
118. MARGARET HARNESS—Has the fascinating color scheme of black hair and blue eyes. Also a prominent soap-box orator in the Girls' Discussion Hour. Quite some toe dancer.
119. CHARLES HARRIS—Came to us from Tech a year ago last February. Interested in basket-ball. Nickname "C. V." Knows a heap of Latin. One of these biology bugs.
120. ALTA HAWKINS—Alta thinks a great deal of botany, and kindred sciences, and is exceptionally qualified to take astronomy, as she is one of Miss McClellan's stars.



121. MILDRED HECHT—Another of the bobbed-hair variety, and a snappy dresser. A dandy friend, and a particular one of Eugenia Coval. Swings a terrible line in class.

122. EDWARD HECKER—Went through school in three years. Ed is sort of cocky, but he means well. Ask the zoo assistants about him. Irvingtonite, and brother of Margaret, '19.

✓ 123. HELEN HOCKMAN—A demure little miss, with wistful blue eyes. Has the patience and conscientiousness to get ahead in everything she attempts.

124. MARGARET HOHL—The kind of a girl that laughs her way through. Considered "the whole thing" by all her friends. Member of Miss Sargent's famous Vergil class. Friend of Ruth Barrett.

125. MARIANNE HOLMES—Marianne has the knack of keeping a whole string of fish on the hook at once, an art in which she is helped by a good, strong line. Magnetic personality.

126. FRANCES HOLODAY—Lots of fun, as her friends all say. Admirer of a gentleman with marcelled blonde hair. How can she do it? Receives A+'s, and then some.

✓ 127. JOSEPHINE HOLLINGSWORTH—Great admirer of every teacher in the art department, especially of Miss Ashbrook, where she holds down an assistant's berth. Has won poster prizes galore. Greek enthusiast and good student.

128. ROBERT HOLLINGSWORTH—The village cut-up. Was in the '21 senior play, but will not explain how he happens to be graduating in '22. Charlie Chaplin and Al Jolson rolled into one. Nice chap.

129. VERLE HOLT—Popular fiction has a hold on her, particularly detective stories. Interpretative dancer. Left in February for Oxford College in Ohio. Junior Drama League.

✓ 130. MARY LOUISE HORNADAY—Commercial art student who shows unusual artistic ability. Can tickle the ivories with exceptional talent. Joined our class in junior year. Friend of Avanelle Thorpe.

131. EVELYN HORNER—One of these commercial sharks who gobble up everything from stenotypy to commercial law. Rather quiet and reserved, but well liked.

132. DOROTHY HOUSTON—An earnest, conscientious student. Very dignified looking in her horn-rimmed glasses. Good booster and loyal friend.

133. THOMAS HOWE—Possesses a permanent wave in his hair, and eye-lashes that are the envy of the whole school. A royal good sport and one of the best fellows in the class. Betty Wales because she knows Howe. Honor roll, Annual Staff, Senior play.

✓ 134. JEAN HOWIE—A companionable lassie. Often seen with Zelma Florea. A tall and mighty person who follows in the footsteps of the bewitching and lazy Hillis.

135. ELIZABETH HOYLE—According to Hoyle, John Ferris and Harold Goode are some fellows. Gained everlasting fame by her talkativeness.

136. DOROTHY HUETTER—Dorothy was a "young" girl once, but now she has grown old. Whale of a student. Is always in demand when a good time is going on.

137. CATHERINE HUFF—Catherine is fond of fun, and unusually good natured. Goes in for athletics, especially for hockey. Great star for Mrs. Rice and Mrs. Steichmann.

138. HELEN HUMMONS—Not only a good student, but she is a peck of fun, and consequently very popular. That sense of humor sometimes gets her into trouble, too.

✓ 139. ESTHER HUNGATE—Her brother went to Tech, but Esther used better judgment. A striking brunette who is as good a student as she is good-looking.

140. COREAN HURSTON—Corean shows a decided talent and liking for art. Has a sister who looks as much like her as she does herself. Beautiful complexion and eyes.



141. VIRGIE HURSTON—Corean's sister, who is just about her double. It takes a while to get acquainted, say her friends, but after that she is loads of fun. Never has much to say.

142. PAUL HUSTON—A quiet little chap with lots of brains, who is as steady as a rock. Member of the Cincinnati Tri-State debating team. Science bug, specializing in chemistry.

143. JOSEPH HYMAN—A chap who doesn't talk much, and when he does, he talks slow. He has a great capacity for saying something when the spirit moves him. Math and physics are his specialties.

144. ERMA INGRAM—Moved to Danville in her junior year, but came back to graduate with the class this year. A fixture at all athletic events. Some girl.

145. DONALD IRWIN—Has a voice like a fog-horn, and a hand-shake like a pair of pliers—that's Don. Big and breezy, with a terrible line and a friendly grin.

146. LOUISE JACKS—Known to her friends as "Shorty." Bobbed hair (part of the time). A great commercial student, and good friend of Dorothea Berger.

147. HAZEL JACKSON—Deservedly popular among the few who know her. Hazel is a good student, and has always managed to get through without any trouble. Possessor of a sweet voice.

148. THERESA JACKSON—Theresa is tall and pretty, and she possesses beautiful gray eyes. She has an attractive personality and is exceedingly well mannered.

✓ 149. MILDRED JOHNS—Mildred is one of the most lovable girls in school. Ed Nell says she can sing. She can dance and has lots of pep. Her pony stumbled the last day of the last term of her Latin career.

150. GEORGE JOHNSTON—Came from Marion in his senior year. Varsity center on the net squad. Slick, black hair, and the best-looking man on the team. Hooked eighteen field goals in junior-senior game.

151. MARJORIE JOHNSTON—A small, pretty person with lots of pep and energy. Had the grit to take English VII and VIII together. She has a puzzling coiffure.

152. GERALDINE JONES—A beautiful girl with a natural complexion. She has at present a decided interest in Butler. We do not guarantee how long it will last.

153. LUCILLE JONES—Lucille is the lucky lady who finally succeeds in enticing "Clarence" in the senior play. Heaps of friends—for reason, look at her picture.

154. VIRGINIA JONES—A blue-eyed, fluffy-haired lass, who is always trotting with Peggy Waters. Formerly member of Friday's Echo. Punch, popularity, and pep.

155. EDNA KATZENBERGER—"What's in a name?" Another one of our extremely small, dainty seniors. Never seen without Maybelle. Always gets splendid grades.

156. LOUISE KEITH—Well-known for her sweet and friendly disposition. A good and popular student. We know that she will succeed, in whatever she attempts in after-life.

157. VIVIAN KELSO—Vivian is a lively little mischief, but she absolutely refuses to fuss. Has a million-dollar giggle and bobbed hair (price unstated).

158. HELEN KERR—Literally from Missouri—consequently hard to fool. Is very much in love with Shortridge, but declares that she does not like Indiana's young men. Popular among the girls.

159. MALLA JANE KETCHAM—A girl with an optimistic grin enhanced by a pair of charming dimples. Great friend of Thelma Smith. Don't study any more than she has to, but manages to get by.

160. GEORGE KIEFFER—A Spaniard with the proverbial good looks of his nation. Has a winning smile which grows into a pleasant chuckle at the slightest provocation.



161. DAVID KILGORE—Let's see, where shall we begin? President of the class, captain and full-back of the football team, regular back-guard for two years, dash man in track, etc. In other words, an athletic whiz.
162. RUBY KLINE—One of our cute, vivacious little representatives of the eternal feminine. Milton, in particular, out of many, thinks that she is right there. A whiz at the fantastic.
163. MABELLE KLINGHOLZ—Junior partner of the famous Irish firm of Katzenberger and Klingholz. Curly brown hair and entrancing gray eyes. Has a special interest in all commercial subjects.
164. ALLEN KNAPP—The boy with the prizefighter hair-cut. Plays the clarinet in the band. Allen is going to be a preacher; we hope the congregation doesn't nap.
165. MARY ALICE LACEY—A cute little girl who saw the light, and came to us from Tech some time ago. Sports a pair of regular lumberman's boots in winter.
166. LORA FRANCES LACKEY—A splendid student who carries five or six solids at a time. A dramatist of unusual talent, also a musician of note, having survived the harmony and ear-training courses. Friday's Echo Staff.
167. MARIAN LAMB—A care-free, happy-go-lucky girl who comes from Worcester, Massachusetts. She still has her carefully preserved eastern accent. A most original humorist.
168. JAMES H. LAMBERT—Known as Jay Henry. A favorite with the women, with Velma Danforth as the main attraction. Quite the commercial star.
169. DOROTHY LAUDERBAUGH—Some performer on the Steinway. Specializes in dancing, hiking, and everything else that promises a good time. Chum of Mildred Fewell.
170. FRED LEES—One of the most promising of Demosthenes' proteges. Mr. Otto has developed him into a good wrangler. President Debating Club; President Art Appreciation Club; Senate.
171. HAZEL LENTZ—Left Shortridge for a while and went to Detroit, Michigan, but did not succeed in breaking the tie that binds. Interested in art and music. Beautiful brown eyes and wavy hair.
172. MARGHERITA LIBBY—Steady, ready, and staunch. Stars in Latin. Possesses the unusual faculty of concentration.
173. HENRY LINDSTROM—Sings bass in the debating club ensemble. Ran for senior president; Louisville Debating team, '21; captain Louisville team, '22; Fiction Club; honor roll.
174. LUCILLE LINTHECOME—A neat, likable girl, in whose nature jollity and seriousness are equally combined. Lucille is taking a normal school course, and shows every probability of being an excellent teacher.
175. FRANK LABRAICO—Another of the famous line of Labraicos. Won a prize last summer in annual jewelry contest. Brilliant black eyes. Has a good line.
176. VIRGINIA LEWIS—Virginia is one of the youngsters of the class—fifteen years to be exact. Another three-year senior. Lots of friends.
177. LILLIAN LOTT—Certainly knows a lot, and never caught unprepared in any classes. Quiet, big-hearted lass, liked by all those who know her.
178. HAZEL LOWERY—Known by her winning smile. Has a reason for being interested in Minneapolis. Strong for athletics; a fixture at every event.
179. VIRGINIA LUCAS—Elongated golden curls feature the beauty of Miss Lucas. Quite the songster and comedienne. One of the shining lights of the Junior Drama League.
180. WILLARD LUCAS—Came to us from Morocco, Indiana, and would have made the grid squad except for a technical ineligibility. Pink haired and consequently bright in his studies.



181. BERNICE LUDWIG—Started to high school with the class of '22, but has gone to three other "preps" since, and has now come home to roost. Peach of a kid and a good friend.

182. CATHERINE LUSTIG—Catherine was forced to leave us in February to go to Arizona, but returned to graduate from the old school. One of the class's finest with sterling qualities.

183. LUCILE LYTLE—Another of the retiring type, which we like to see these days. Took Cicero after she was through Vergil—why, no one knows.

184. ELEANOR McALPIN—A cute little girl with bobbed hair that curls naturally. The family lives in Philadelphia, but Eleanor stayed in Indianapolis to come to Shortridge.

185. BERNICE McCLUSKY—A diminutive miss who has a superabundance of intelligence. Math and science shark. President of Math Club. Somehow we cannot imagine Bernice growing up.

186. KATHERINE McCLURE—Sister of Ruth of the class of '20. French star and a great favorite of Miss Vawter. Excellent violinist. Orchestra. Senior play.

187. LORENA McCOMB—The pretty daughter of the principal of Manual, who nevertheless recognizes the merits of another good school. Guardian angel of Frances Chandler. Very lovable, and justly popular.

188. FRANCES McGEE—Of microscopic size, but enthusiastic, wide-awake and energetic. Became stage struck and joined the Junior Drama League.

189. JUANITA McLELAND—A quiet, rather demure girl, with sparkling brown eyes. Be as quiet as she will, she can't keep from having a host of friends.

190. ROBERT McMAHON—A good basketball player, but not quite up to varsity style. Goes to all the out-of-town games in a Studebaker. Buddy of Wilbur Christena.

191. ELEANOR McQUEEN—This is either Eleanor or Evelyn, we can't decide which. However, she has enough energy and pep for two sets of twins. Quite the lady in the ball-room.

192. EVELYN McQUEEN—The twin of Eleanor, aforesaid. This good-looking pair has caused many a pedagogue to rub her eyes and swear—Oh, No!—swear never to drink any more coffee.

193. ROBERTA MAXWELL—Another one who left Shortridge for a while but came back to graduate. Appealing dark eyes and a wonderful smile. Some girl, they say.

194. EVELYN MANN—An inseparable friend of Charlotte Liebttag who believes in the boys and in having a good time always. Oh, my! but she can dance!

✓ 195. DOROTHY MOORE—Dot is quite the stuff at tapping typewriters and kindred sports. Everybody knows Dorothy more or less—especially the boys.

196. LAVONNE MORSCH—Another of our athletic ladies, and a familiar figure around the gym. Eats up hard assignments, and knows everybody.

197. GEORGE MORTON—George is a chess fiend, and once lectured the math club on the science of the game. Miss Garber confesses that sometimes his chem questions stump her. Great fellow.

198. NORMA MUELLER—Distinguished by being the daughter of Mr. Mueller of the faculty. A member of the All-Stars and a red-hot athletic booster. Some artist.

199. HENRY MARSH—The sleepest fellow this side of the equator. Henry could peacefully snooze through any course in school, and then get by. All the Scouts know him as one of the best of the organization.

✓ 200. ELIZABETH MARTIN—"Mrs. Smith" is loved by everybody. Is noted for having the longest case in school. A martin is known to all as a high-flying bird.



201. GRACE MARTINDALE—Grace has had a good time all through her four years at Shortridge, all because of her happy smile and sweet disposition. Inseparable friend of Zelma Florea.

202. HELEN MELLISH—Tall and distinguished-looking, with turquoise-blue eyes and golden-brown hair. Works hard for A+'s and pulls them down. Good for tired eyes.

203. MARJORIE MERCER—Black hair, black eyes, and freckles. Strong in French. Since Dot left, Marjorie has been quite bereft, but it is now rumored that she is otherwise engaged.

204. EARL MERRITT—Smashed the maples in great style as a protege of Mr. Watson in '20 and '21. Business manager of the Annual. Devotee of the talcum powder.

205. LESTER MUSSMAN—Less is the champion of the study hall in behavior. Famous for walking through the middle door. Came from Tech in his senior year.

206. GERNA MYERS—A little girl with lovely, dark, curly hair. A brilliant student, especially in history. Lots of friends who seem to have a pretty good idea why she is popular.

207. MILLIE MYERS—Millie Margaret Myers possesses one of the most euphonious names in the class. Has commanding height and a wealth of dark hair.

208. CARL NEITZEL—Carl is the "big boy" around school. Never went out for sports; never goes out for society; however, wherever Carl is, there is always something doing. Radio Club.

209. GRACE NOBLE—Belongs to the bone-rim squadron, and has shorn locks. Greek star of the first magnitude. Particularly enjoyed the fifth period in Room 35; that is, from the back of the room. "Facilis descensus Averni." Senior play.

210. ROSABEL NOEL—Wonderful complexion and beautiful dark hair. Pounds out the jewelry in great fashion for Mrs. Bowles. Good girl all around.

211. ARTHUR NORRIS—Especially devoted to fruits; such as, dates, etc. Tennis is his particular hobby. The boy who didn't locate the elevator until his sophomore year.

✓ 212. MARY NORWOOD—Don't rush, boys. Mary is one of the beauty spots of the school, and possesses a large amount of pep. Has as many dates as a calendar.

✓ 213. LUCILE OGLESBY—Everyone knows Lucille. Fond of having a good time. Good student. Junior Drama League. One of the stars of the Drama League Christmas play.

✓ 214. ALBERTA OLSEN—Lively, rag-time player. A cute, peppy girl who dances as well as she plays. Just ask the boys for confirmation of any of the above. Has a bear of a fur coat.

215. HOPE OSBORN—She has a mop of red curls, which are the bright spot of many gatherings. Quite the history student. Broke a lot of glassware, as well as herself, in chemistry.

216. HELEN OSTERMYER—Another Greek gobbler. "How many credits, Helen?" Well, we'd hate to say; but with all her brilliancy, she's a nice, companionable girl.

217. JEANETTE OSTHEIMER—Doesn't know which she likes better, dancing or memorizing the constitution. Small towns possess an attraction for her. Sh! it's a deep mystery.

✓ 218. DOROTHY PATTERSON—A pretty, attractive girl who specializes in aesthetic dancing. Has a friendly smile and takes a great interest in all things pertaining to the school. Chum of Hortense St. Lorenz.

✓ 219. MARY PAVEY—A famous occupant of session room 4. One of Jim Young's latest. Mary has the looks and the personality, and maybe she can't dance—ask Jim.

✓ 220. HELEN PAYNE—An Irvingtonite with quite a voice. Literally the whole thing in the Girls' Glee Club. For detailed information, see Mildred Johns.



221. MARY PENICK—The little girl with lots of pep and go. Her motto is, "We aim to please." Quite a success at the job, too.

222. MARTHA PETTIJOHN—The best of friends. A popular girl and a fine student. What better combination could you want? Has her mind set on Wisconsin for next year.

223. GOLDEN PICKARD—Has black bobbed hair and a line that sure does get the old results. Good mixer with boys and girls. Golden through and through.

224. MARGARET PIHL—Advocates the use of lotion for masculine freckles. Chummy with Thelma Smith. She thinks Burt is all right. Honor Roll. Another shorn lamb.

225. MILDRED PLEASANT—Fine sense of humor. Fine talent for writing; fine girl in every way. Quiet—but "Still waters run deep." Lives up to her name.

226. GEORGE PORTER—One of those "few-and-far-between" talented individuals who actually crave math. Always to be seen at every basket-ball game. Heading for I. U.

227. HOLLIS PIATT—An early bird at bobbing her hair. Planning to become a dramatist, and is sure to succeed. Knows as much Latin as she does English.

228. GRACE PRITCHARD—A formal girl, but fascinating to those who know her. History star. Lives in a historical house in Irvington. Great booster for Crescendo Club.

229. IDA PROTHERO—Wholesome, jolly, and clever. She has a most contagious laugh. Good student, and well liked by all.

V 230. LOUISE PURSELL—Why say more? An expert on how to obtain beauty. A wonderful dancer; very popular with the other sex. See Ray Powell for further details.

231. JAMES RAY—Tall, broad, and husky. Jimmy is a peach of a fellow. Played tackle on the varsity through every minute of every game. Buddy of Bill Cox; Tuesday's Echo; track; Senior play.

232. GERALDINE REEP—The sweet, fair-haired girl with the marvelous disposition. Can play both the piano and violin. True friend when a friend is needed.

233. MAURICE REILLEY—Gridiron aspirant. Has a good physique and gave the first string lots to think about last fall. Always pounding Hiram Stout around. Fine chap.

234. WALLACE RICHARDS—Wally is a boys' boy par excellence. Great tennis player and ardent basket-ball fan. Plans to enter journalism as a profession. Son of Mrs. Myra Richards, the well-known sculptress.

V 235. NELLE RICHARDSON—Light brown hair and violet eyes that know how to talk. Plump and pretty. Knows how to dance and have a good time.

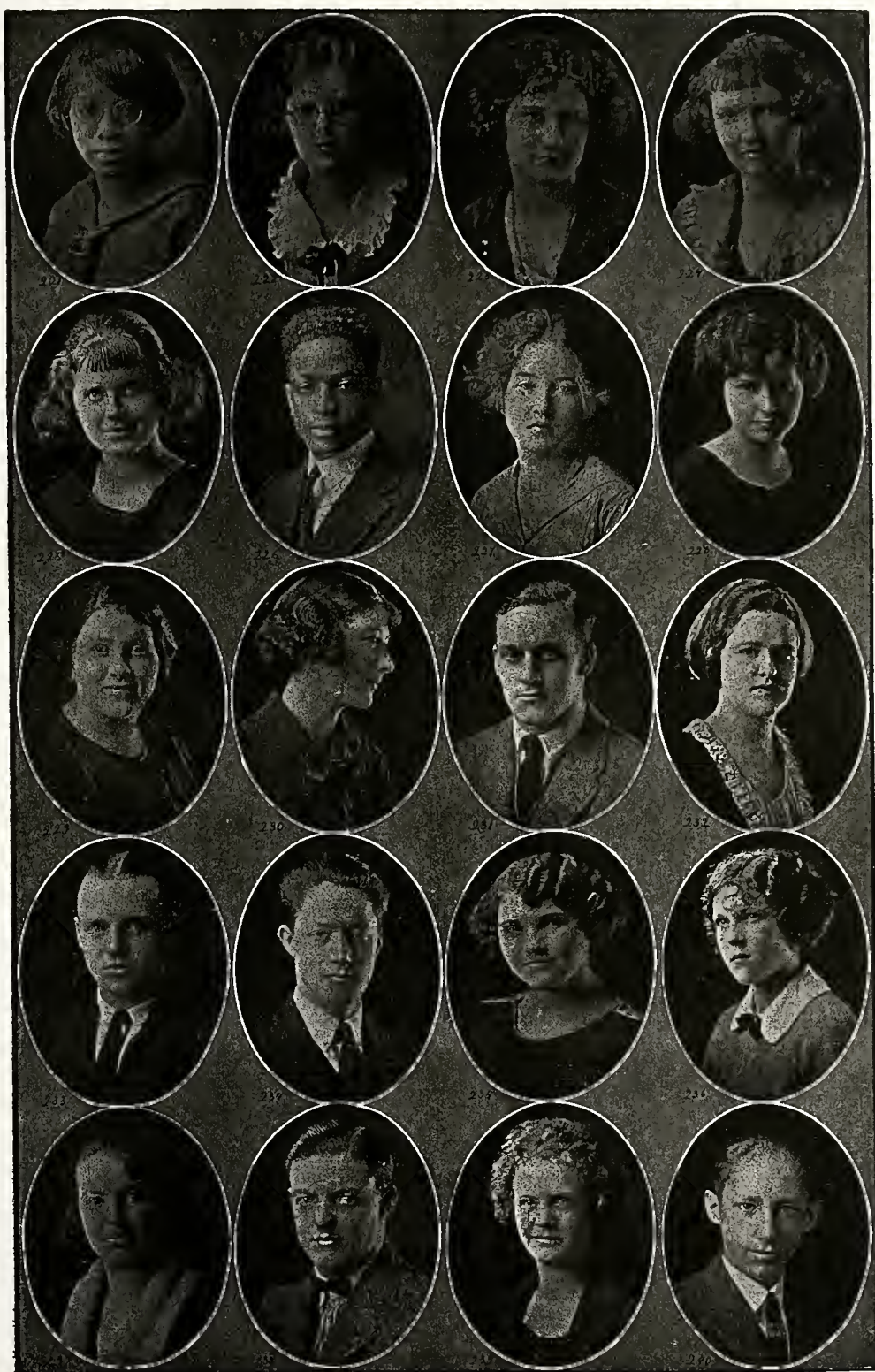
236. VIRGINIA RIDDELL—Snap, pep, and an endless fund of gabble—pardon us—polite conversation. Likes the boys in bulk rather than any particular one. Has a leaning towards Turkish in costumes and in other things also.

237. LOUISE RIGGS—First of all she is a man-hater, a trait which is said to indicate an independent disposition. Red-hot basket-ball fan. Everybody knows her.

238. LEWIS RILEY—One of the best athletic representatives that Shortridge ever had. Basketball captain, floorguard, and forward for three years. Regular halfback for two years. Track and baseball. Four-letter man.

239. IRENE ROBEY—A fresh-air fiend who comes in from the rural districts to attend S. H. S. Her hobby is horseback riding. However, she struggled through Greek without a pony.

240. WILLARD ROBINSON—Brother-in-law of Martha Zoercher. A great student who whizzed through the Shortridge curriculum in record time. Has never found a question yet that Mr. Wade couldn't answer.



241. SARAH RODECKER—Has particular interest in Beta house at Illinois. Sported a Culver pin in her sophomore year. Has a hard time keeping her bobbed hair curled.

242. REBA RONEY—Reba is a sterling student, standing at the top in all her classes. Ask her friends why she is liked—you won't have any trouble in finding them.

243. LUCILE ROTH—The kind of girl to whom studying naturally comes easy. She has a magnetic personality, a fact which accounts for her many friends.

244. SARA ROTHBARD—Sarah is right there with the looks. Brown hair, vivacious brown eyes, and irrepressible actions. Has a host of friends among both boys and girls.

245. NORMA RYAN—A slender, black-haired, blue-eyed Irish miss with a never-failing sense of droll wit. A splendid pianist. Commercial shark. Has scores and scores of A's and A+'s. Honor Roll.

246. JULIUS SAGALOWSKY—National Boys' Tennis champ. He raises a racket to better advantage than any other boy of his age in the country. With all his athletic ability, a good student.

247. ELLEN SAXON—Ellen is so full of enthusiasm and good-nature that she fairly bubbles over. Interested in athletics, and captain of one of the hockey teams. Ask her about Harold, and watch her turn pale in spots.

248. EMMA SCHLENDER—A quiet, effective girl. Captain of one of the girls' basketball teams. Zoo and botany enthusiast.

249. KATHERINE SCHMIDT—A regular sport—ask her friends, they know. Center on the All-Stars and a whiz in all other athletics. Her hair is near-red—step carefully.

250. EDNA SCHULZ—One of our dignified (?) blondes. President of Crescendo Club. Sister of Daisy Schulz, art editor of last year's Annual. Psychology Club; Discussion Hour. Wonderful girl.

251. GLEN SCHWENK—Une petite fille with freckles and black bobbed hair, who possesses many friends and admirers. Pep personified. The teachers never can figure out by her name whether she is girl or boy.

252. JACK SCOTT—Aspires to be a cow-puncher. Is a good-looking chap and a genuine kidder. Has rosy cheeks and a jolly disposition.

253. MARTHA SCOTT—Plump and pleasing and peppy. She has a deplorable weakness for lemon pie with chocolate ice cream. Interested in everything worth while.

254. MARY SEIBERT—One of those quiet, always dependable girls. Her smile is her biggest asset in class. Has managed to Wade through chemistry.

✓ 255. MARY MARGARET SEIDENSTICKER—Has more letters to her name than any athlete in school. Pretty and full of the original pep, and sure can dance. Vice-president of our class in our junior year.

256. HERMAN SELKA—Rather hides himself at school but is a live wire all the same. Some uninstructed freshmen sometimes mistake him for our junior president on account of his ambrosial curls.

257. LILLIAN SHAFER—Maybe you have missed knowing this little lady. One of the explosive, "handle-with-care" kind that keep you guessing. Cute and no end peppy.

258. ALBERT SHANE—A reticent "old gentleman" who has recently been rechristened Charles Adalbert. History is his specialty. Fine chap.

259. MARY SHARP—Sparkling eyes and a way of using them that produces real results. Another disciple of the shorn locks. Great commercial student.

260. MARY LOUISE SHARPE—Though she isn't a "shifter," she believes in women's rights as do all the bob-haired damsels. Just ask her to describe Connorsville.



261. DUDLEY SHOUSE—Sir Dudley, the gallant knight. Junior president (once). Social magnet; Debating Club; Louise Pursell's campaign manager in senior elections.
262. RACHEL SHOWALTER—Rachel's presence is felt and appreciated although she doesn't have much to say. A slightly pugged nose adds piquancy to her profile.
263. LOUISE SIMMONS—Another immigrant from 'way down east—Massachusetts, to be exact. Jolly little person; big brown eyes, good dancer, etc. Commercial student.
264. FLEETA SIMPSON—Just look at Fleeta, and she will smile radiantly back at you. Humorous; well-liked because of her lovable disposition.
265. FRANK SISSON—The last of the Sissons. Went out for basket-ball, football, and baseball, but was too light for varsity competition. A mighty head on a mite of a fellow.
266. HAZEL SMITH—That well-known smile gets everybody. No "high-toning" here. Hazel is some girl, all her friends can testify, as they do on all occasions.
267. MARIAN SMITH—The girl with the bath-tub complexion. Marian is quite the self-made artist; marcelled; good-looking; popular. One of the school's landmarks.
268. THELMA SMITH—Literature and such with a big "L." One of Miss Shields' stand-bys in the fiction club, and has held the job of Friday's editor. Press Club; Annual Staff.
269. DONALD STEWART—"Stew" is a well-known figure around the gym. Hail-fellow-well-met and pals around with Merritt Thompson. All-city water boy.
270. THOMAS SPONG—Hails from classic Irvington. Tommy is tall and full of pep. A good friend of Charley Mitchell. Baseball; basket-ball; tennis; track; society; 'n' everything.
271. JOHN STANLEY—John is one of the reliable, steady kind that get things done. Went to I. U. in February but came back to graduate with the class.
272. DORTHA STEPHENS—One of our commercial students; business doesn't worry her. "Come easy; go easy; I'll be rich some day," is her motto.
273. DOROTHY STEPHENSON—Steve is stellar in athletics. Girls' tennis champion, '21; basket-ball "S"; hockey team; volley-ball team. Stars in everything.
274. GORDON STEVENS—An artist who decorates his books with everything from the "Mona Lisa" to Toots and Casper. Great pal of Miller Sherman and George Appleman.
275. HELEN STOCKTON—Quiet, timid, and dignified as a Quaker maid. Admired for her sincerity, simplicity, and truthfulness. Interested in her studies; especially in commercial subjects.
276. HIRAM STOUT—The big little physicist. Assistant in the physics lab. Keen as mustard. Always keeps his head. Everybody knows Hiram.
- ✓ 277. MARGARET STOWERS—A popular damsel distinguished by her black hair, blue eyes, and indescribable smile. Close friend of Elizabeth Lang. Glee Club—for a while.
278. SUSANNA STOVER—Left us to go to Butler, but came back to graduate. Cute and pretty. Quite the student, but manages to get a whale of a good time out of life.
279. HELEN STRIEBECK—A great star, both in bugology and physiology. Never known to miss a basket-ball game. Junior Drama League; Fiction Club.
280. MARTHA STUBBS—Quite a demure little girl, who takes to math as a duck does to water. Niece of Mr. Stubbs of the faculty.



281. HELEN STUMPH—Decidedly blonde and decidedly good to look at. Also as brainy as she is pretty. Star member of Friday's staff; Press Club; Annual staff.

282. MARIANNA STURGESS—Pianist in the orchestra. She has a sweet temper and a winning disposition. "Smile and the world smiles with you."

283. ERNESTINE SULLIVAN—An attractive girl full of the joy of life. Never misses an opportunity to lunch at Craig's. Dreams of a career behind the footlights.

284. DOROTHY SUTHERLAND—One of the finest in the class—good dancer, good student, good sport, and generally all-around good girl. Wednesday's Echo; Annual staff.

285. DAVID SWAIN—Hair that verges on the auburn. Chief occupation—lady killing. Mary Butler says he has attractions in Butler. Personally, we can't say. Chum of Chas. Greathouse and Beck Brown.

286. HELEN TAYLOR—A talented girl who ascended the ladder of knowledge as far as Vergil. She is a fine young woman and a delight to all.

287. THELMA TAYLOR—A jolly little senior who always has a joke on the tip of her tongue, and a smile that won't wear off.

288. RICHARD TERRELL—An expert in the gentle art of bluffing. Everybody feels good when Dick rises to recite. He has a way of pulling a joke that will even take away Keith's ear-marks.

289. EDNA MAE THOMAS—Another youngster who made the four-year course in three. Five solids don't phase her—as witness the flocks of A+'s coming to her call. Honor Roll. Some girl.

290. MERRITT THOMPSON—Captain of color league basket-ball team. Travels with Lew Riley and Marshall Crabill. Quite a pilot for his squad on Wednesday afternoons.

291. JACK THOMSON—Jack is absolutely one of the boys. Always out for a good time. By no means a woman-hater, yet has managed to keep his heart for personal use.

✓ 292. JANICE THOMPSON—Hair and complexion, pink. Popular with everyone, especially with the boys. Good student. Senior play.

293. ROBERT THORNTON—A basket-ball artist and a member of the Bob Thornton, Willard Ulrich, Ward Vickery trio. Interested in zoo. One peach of a fellow.

✓ 294. AVANELLE THORPE—Pretty as a picture, and said, on extremely good authority, to be a good dancer. Great friend of Mary Lou Hornaday. Pulls down the marks.

295. JOHN TROYER—A Scout who has made good in every branch of the organization. Great buddy of Stanley Gray. Blushes easily but will soon get over it.

296. THOMAS TRUEB—Came to us from Terre Haute. He doesn't care very much (?) for the ladies, but the sad fact is, it isn't mutual; eh, Tom? Ran for senior treasurer.

297. LOLA TRUSTY—A charter member of ye ancient and honorable Red-Head Club. The main subject of her conversation is San Francisco. The trusty airs of a preacher. Good-looking and popular.

298. CLAY TURNER—Always engrossed in a game of chess with Henry Lindstrom, and one of the chief reasons why Henry carries a pocket chess-board. Red-headed. Debating Club.

✓ 299. IRMA ULRICH—Takes a monthly smack at the A+'s. Secretary of the best class that ever left the old school—eh, seniors? Also at the top in the Junior Drama League. Leading lady in "Clarence." Second on Honor Roll.

300. MARY VALODIN—Mary is a good student and has an attractive personality. Reference assistant and is training to be a librarian.



301. DELORES VESTAL—One of the prominent members of the Girls' Discussion Hour. A good student who has the one failing of studying the modern novel.

302. DOROTHY VOSHELL—A guaranteed blonde. Absolutely no peroxide or other bleaching agent used. Big blue eyes that get them every time. Works at the Rental.

303. BERNICE WAGONER—Bernice transferred her loyalty and her marks to us from Tech. Is an interesting person with all the qualities of a good friend.

304. BETTY WALES—Senior vice-president. Plenty of pep; dances well; is witty and popular. Thinks Northwestern a great school—"Blest be the ties that bind." Annual staff.

305. FRANCES WALKER—Good-looking girl who possesses brains to the utmost degree. Bobbed hair and hosts of friends.

✓ 306. FRANCES WALTERS—Tall, good-looking. Luxurious black hair. Drives a Franklin to school and hauls back A+'s. Everybody's friend. Heads 1922's Honor Roll.

307. MARGARET WATERS—The pretty pal of Virginia Jones. Erstwhile scribe for Thursday's Echo and an A-number one poet. Another three-year-old. Just ask the boys. Honor Roll.

308. DONALD WHITE—A quiet young man who is known better around Shortridge by what he does rather than how much noise he makes. Much interested in the Echo. Fine student. Honor Roll.

✓ 309. LORENE WHITHAM—Ornamental, to say the least, and a loyal citizen of Irvington. Quite a desirable combination. Can make a text-book play dead as well as the next one.

310. LISADEL WHITING—Attractive girl—see her friends. She adores the Shortridge atmosphere. Looks to burn.

311. MARTHA WIGAL—Forever informing people how to pronounce her name. Believes in laughing, loving, and having a good time. An optimist through and through.

312. JULIA WIGGINS—Julia possesses a quaint, charming personality. Entertaining. Accused by her friends, male and otherwise, of getting her dates twisted.

313. ALICE WILMANNS—She has the sweetest disposition on record. Never known to "high tone" anybody. Recently acquired bobbed hair.

314. MAYNARD WILSON—As "Clarence," this chap gave everyone the thrill of his life. He is tall and then some, and has good looks to burn. They also say he has a way with the—boys (?).

315. AMANDA WOEMPER—Tall and slender. One of these thorough lassies who make up the back-bone of our scholastic standing.

316. JABEZ WOOD—Has a name that is guaranteed to kill at four hundred yards. He has an ear-to-ear grin and an undoubted way with him. Keen wit. Was our junior treasurer, and ran sports and school notes in the News. Honor Roll; Annual staff.

✓ 317. BETTY WRIGHT—Betty is right there. Possessor of autumn-hued foliage. Critics have judged her the best looking girl (all around) in school.

318. JAMES YOUNG—"How long, Oh Lord, how long?" Known for that smile, slick hair, and winning ways. Plays any stringed instrument, including an "awful line." "S" in track.

319. NAOMI YOUNG—Sister of Irene. Small in size, but big in her ideas of how to support Shortridge activities. Interested in commercial department.

320. RICHARD YOUNG—Possesses one of the finest physiques in school,—tall, broad and muscular. Good distance man who fairly makes the indoor track shake in practice.





321. WILLIAM ZAISER—Gives the palm only to Carl Neitzel in the matter of size. Bill was a star full-back in Texas, but came to us too late. Red hair and good nature.



322. FREDERICK ZWICKER—An easy-going chap with a voice like velvet. Runs around with Eric Clarke quite a bit. Has some pretensions toward good looks.

The following seniors, who had entered the class before April 7, were unable to have their photographs taken:

BURTON COOK—Slick black hair, and a carefully cherished pair of side-burns. Good, steady, reliable fellow, and the kind you can bank on.

ANNA DAVATZ—Another of our quiet girls who make up the back-bone of Shortridge. Anna has loads of pep beneath the surface, however, and above it sometimes.

HAMILTON HALL—Mysteriously disappeared a couple of years ago, but came back to graduate. Has the athletic bug badly. Quiet but likable.

JULIA JEFFERSON—Dignified and quiet, but has a twinkle in her eye that her friends know well. Julia shines in class—she just can't help it.

JOSEPH JEFFRIES—Another one who rides in from Fort Harrison every morning to attend Shortridge. Has many interesting anecdotes of army life.

LAVERE LEET—Believes in tooting his own horn—in the band and brass quartet. Marriage holds no terror for him.

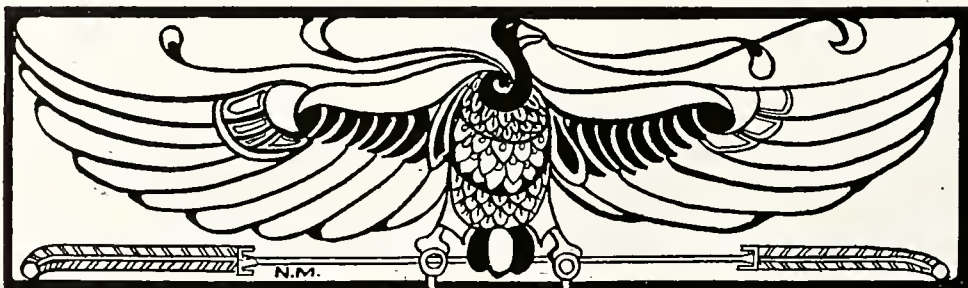
CHARLES MAGNESS—An immigrant from Broad Ripple. Charley knows something about mumblety-peg, he says. Wireless Club. One peach of a fellow.

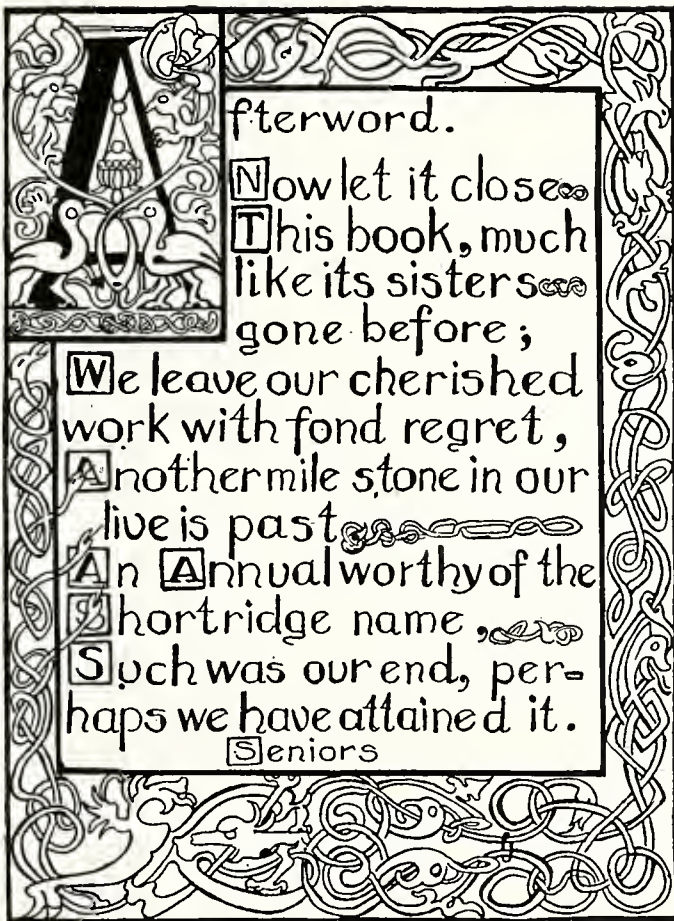
ERIC SONNICK—Abbreviated from Sonnichcanutz. Whew! No kidding. A real Dane, who with characteristic good sense, crossed the ocean to enter Shortridge.

RILDA SULLIVAN—A quiet girl who pursues her studies with a great deal of earnestness and perseverance. Studying a commercial course.

ROBERT WHITEMAN—Bob comes from the rural districts. Fond of the out-doors, trapping, and the like. A real, dyed-in-the-wool farmer.

LENA WOLF—Lena is not half so vicious as she sounds. All her friends say she has one of the best dispositions in school. One peach of a girl.





fterword.

Now let it close

This book, much
like its sisters
gone before;

We leave our cherished
work with fond regret,

Another mile stone in our
live is past

An Annual worthy of the
Thorridge name,

Such was our end, per-
haps we have attained it.

Seniors

In looking back over the months of labor that have been necessary to produce this book, the editor feels the need of some small expression of gratitude to the many people without whose help this achievement would have been impossible.

The superb art-work of the book is due to the influence of Miss Roda E. Selleck of the art department, as art censor; the credit for the excellence of the literary material may be attributed to the high ideals of Miss Zella O'Hair, of the English department, as literary censor. Our sincere thanks are owed to Mr. William N. Otto, censor of the class, for his general management and many helpful suggestions and to Mr. Crossland for his efficient handling of our financial affairs. This year, yet another editor of the Shortridge Annual has found in Mr. McKee of the Echo Press, a wise and helpful friend as well as an excellent printer.

The 1922 Annual marks the beginning of the participation of the junior class in its making, an innovation by which we have gained much. For all members of the staff, juniors and seniors alike, we have nothing but praise and gratitude; you see the results of their faithful toil before you.

We also extend our sincere thanks to any others who have in any way contributed to the successful conclusion of our enterprise.

Autographs

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